

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

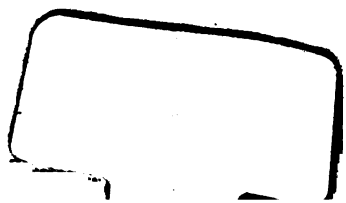
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1. Whitman, 1914 — Poetry —

2. Poetry ()



More
NBI



Great War, Ballads

— and —

MYTHS FROM OVID

(Second Series)

By

J. Brookes More



Thrash-Lick Publishing Co.

Fort Smith, Arkansas

1916

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
831364
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1917 L

Copyright, 1916
By
J. Brookes More

All rights reserved

—To—

My Sister

Alice M. More

CONTENTS

Great War, Ballads

Page

Sweet Maggie McGee 3
Jacques Mallaise 21
A Dream in The Trenches 31
A Fish for the Kaiser 37
John Brown, African,
of The Foreign Legion 45
Edith Cavell and Maggie McGee ...53
The Glory of Phelim O'Toole 61
Entrenched On The Aisne 71
Hans Winkelmann 75
A Belgian Hero 79
The First Balkan War 87

SONNETS ON THE WAR

I. If Far In Heaven 89
II. When Caesar Slaughtered
Millions 90
III. Elijah Gazing with Prophetic
Eye 91
IV. Harsh Blow the Cold Winds .. 92

Page

Perseus and Medusa 93

Andromeda - - - - 95
The Sea-Monster - - - 97
Sea Weeds Changed to Coral - - 99
Perseus at the Wedding Feast - - 101
The Death of Medusa - - - 102
Medusa Changed by Minerva - - 104
The Treachery of Phineus - - 105
The Battle for Andromeda
At the Wedding Feast - - 108
The Warriors Turned to Stone - - 120
Phineus Pleads for Life - - 123
The Transformation of Phineus - - 124

Pentheus and Bacchus 127

Tiresius Prophecies - - - 127
Bacchus Appears - - - - 128
The Wrath of Pentheus - 129
The Story of Acœtes - - - 132
Bacchus Appears to the Sailors - - 135
The Mutiny of Acœtes' Crew - - 136
Bacchus Mocks the Mariners - - 137
The Treachery of the Mariners - 138
Bacchus Shows His Power - - - 139
The Mariners Transformed to Dolphins - 140
The Death of Pentheus - - - 143

Pyramus and Thisbe 145

The Four Ages and Jupiter 155

The Golden Age - - - 155
The Silver Age - - - - 157
The Age of Bronze - - - 158
The Iron Age - - - - 158

The Giants and Jupiter 160

Lycaon and Jupiter 161

The Milky Way - - - - 161
The Counsel of the Gods - - - 162
Jupiter Describes Lycaon's Wickedness 165
Lycaon Transformed to a Wolf - - 166

Page

Deucalion and the Deluge 169
The Southwind - - - - 171
Neptune Commands the Waters - 172
The Deluge - - - - 173
Parnassus Remains Above the Water - 174
Jupiter Abates the Deluge - - 175
Triton Commands the Waters - - 176
Deucalion's Complaint - - - 177
They Consult the Oracle of Themis - 178
New Race of Man from Stones - - 180

Python and Apollo 183
Re-creation of Animals and Monsters - 183
Apollo Slays Python - - - 185
Origin of Pythian Games - - 185

Calisto and Jupiter.....188
Jupiter Disguised as Diana - - 189
Diana Discovers Calisto - - - 191
Juno Enraged Against Calisto - 193
Calisto Transformed to a Bear - - 193
Arcas Attacks His Mother Calisto - 195
Calisto and Arcas Transformed to Constellations 196
Juno's Jealousy - - - - 197

Coronis and Phœbus 199
Story of the Raven - - - 199
Story of the Crow - - - - 199
The Crow Talks About Aglauros - 201
Minerva's Owl - - - - 202
The Daughter of Coronæus - - - 202
The Crow (Daughter of Coronæus)
The Chosen Bird of Minerva - - 203
The Raven Talks to Phœbus about Coronis - 205
The Death of Coronis - - 206
Remorse of Phœbus - - - 206
Burial Rites of Coronis - - 207
The Raven Changed from White to Black - 208

Ocyroe and Aesculapius 209
Ocyroe Prophecies - - - 210
Ocyroe Transformed to a Mare - - 211
Phœbus Apollo as a Shepherd - - 213

Battus and Mercury 215
Mercury Transforms Battus to a Stone - 217

Sweet Maggie McGee

'Twas an elegant party he gave us,
And all of the officers went;
And I was that proud to be present
For three of his daughters had sent

A dignified note to me honor,
Which happened to be an invite;
"Dear Phelim,
Plaze come to our party
At eight o'clock Saturday night;

"And it will be 'officers strictly',
Yourself we are waiting to see;
Now don't dissappoint us, dear Phelim,
Yours truly,
The Sisters McGee."

You see, we were ordered to Europe,
For Ostend, Dunkirk or Calais,
And all must be ready by Sunday
To sail from Killala Bay.

And that was the reason a plenty
For revels and parties galore;
But the grandest of all, to my notion,
Was this of "The One Day Before."

An elegant party, a grand one,—
The next day, "Away to the war."—
Take a light to your pipe while I'm talking,
I'll tell it ye, Mickey O'More.—

Now Billy McGee had three daughters,
As pretty as they could well be,
Young ladies, Miss Bridget and Mary,
And sweet little Maggie McGee.

I'd called on the girls pretty often,
And loved by the light of the moon,
To wander with Bridget or Mary,
Whichever one wanted to spoon.

Of course, that left out little Maggie,
Because she was only sixteen;—
A wild little trick, and a spitfire—
Her ayqual ye never have seen.

"Aw Phelim, ye're after forgetting
The girl that I told ye about"—
"Tut, Mickey your tongue interrupts me—
You grunt like a pig in his snout."

The first one I met at the party
Was Bridget, and looking that swate,
My head was bamboozled entirely,
Sure was I, that girl was my fate.

We had the first dance, and together
 Were thinking how soon we must part;—
I said to her, "Bridget, tomorrow
 I go, but I lave you me heart."

"Come out in the garden," she whispered,
 "Faith, how can we talk in this crowd."—
And there in the moonlight 'twas settled:
 I felt like a peacock,—that proud.

So when we came back, there was Mary,
 And Bridget said, "Give her a dance;"
And away we went whirling together,
 It seemed I was lost in a trance.

"Ah Mary," I said, "'Tis a strange world;
 I feel like it's slipping away;
It leaves me behind while we're dancing,
 Tomorrow will be my last day."

"Come out in the garden," she whispered,
"I feel I will have a big cry."
And out there my head went that foolish,
To hear the poor girl weep and sigh.

"Ah Mary," says I, "You're heartbroken
Because I am off to the war;
But listen, me darlint, I'll tell you
A thing I have thought of before:

" 'Tis the praist that can help us, my Mary,
Your husband I am, if you'll wait,"—
"Ah Phelim," she sighed, "You'll forget me,
The glory will make you so great."

We argued that question ten minutes;
She swore she would always be true;
And when I went back to the dancing,
Sure, I was engaged to her too.

The first one we met in the parlor
 Was sweet little Maggie McGee;
Says Mary, "O Phelim, there's Maggie,
 Go dance with her, just to plaze me."

And soon we were dancing together—
 I thought we were floating in air,
And I seemed in a dream for the perfume
 That lurked in her beautiful hair.

Her eyes, looking up (just a little),
 I saw in their wonderful blue,
A light I had dreamed of in women—
 Soft, innocent, perfect and true.

And the music? ah yes, and the music!
 It breathed of a lover's soft pain;
And the sorrow that wafted around us
 Was turning to pleasure again.

And there went the languishing beauties
In circles around and around;
And all of it mingled together,
Light, beauty, sweet perfume and sound.

I whispered, "Ah what is it? Dearie,
It is not the earth we are on;
And are you that sweet little Maggie,—
Or the wraith of her—after she's gone?"

She answered me not, but her fond eyes,
Suffused with a liquid of pearl;
And all the wide world slipped away then,
Save only that one darling girl.

My brain was on fire, I was dizzy,
I was sick with excess of delight;
Ah, what if that girl should forget me
The moment I slipped from her sight?

I whispered, "My dear, I can't stand it;
Come out in the garden with me;
I never can rest till I've told you
What ails me, sweet Maggie McGee."

She looked up with something of wonder,
And something of knowledge I thought;
A man is so stupid and clumsy;
A girl by her nature is taught.

A girl at sixteen may be artless,
But that is not always the case;—
Sweet Maggie demurely went with me,
But a dimple played rogue in her face.—

"Aw Phelim O'Toole, what's a Mormon
Compared wit' the likes of your heart?
The divil is anxious to burn ye—
I'm waiting to witness your start."—

"What Mickey O'More, has occasioned
The nonsense and vapor ye give?
Just wait for the end o' me story;
You're jealous as sure as I live."

Ah Maggie," said I, " 'Tis a wonder,
To see you so quiet and shy;
And me that's on fire like a furnace
For love of you standing near by.

'And the cause of it? Sure there's a reason,
And who but your sweet self, my dear?
The good Lord was mad wit' us poor men
That moment he put you down here.

"I'm off of me feet, I am foolish;
The divil knows what I will say;
But the angel that's in you must hear it
Before I can go on me way.

"Now Bridget is ill for a brother,
And Mary feels awfully too,
But before they can get such a present
They'll first have to give away—you.

"Ah, Maggie, my colleen, forgive me,—
A wild man, clane out of his mind,—
So proud was I, now I'm that humble
Compared with you— gold, and refined.

"But when I am off to that great war,
Where death works a strange Golden Rule,
And you hear of that terrible carnage,
Will you forget Phelim O'Toole?

" 'Tis a strange thing but true, I assure you
Great courage and real love are friends;
And I feel, if the good Lord will spare me,
That I may (before the war ends)

"Do something that you can be proud of;
I mean, if you care about me,
For now I am through with my boyhood
For the love of sweet Maggie McGee.

"And Maggie, see, here is a plain ring,
The one that my mother once wore,
And I ask you to keep it because, dear,
No other girl——never before

"Have I had a thought to part with it,
And sure by that sign you will know
There is one girl for me, and one only,
Acushla, wherever I go."

And my arm had (by accident may be)
Slipped 'round her,— ah sure it was chance;
But it gave me another sensation
Than the same in the whirl of the dance.

And while I was talking her eyes shone
 Like stars on the waves of the Moy—
And as I leaned over I whispered,
 "My dearest, my darling, my joy."

And our lips met (by accident may be)
 But the moment the kissing was done,
Up Maggie flashed furious and slapped me,
 And fled from me like a wild fawn.

At first I was rather astonished,
 And angry— it made my cheek sting—
But when I reflected I noticed
 She had not returned me that ring.

So, musing, I turned from the garden
 And entered the ball room once more;
'Twas late and the guests had departed,
 But Bridget stood by the front door.

We walked about ten feet together,
And there stood Miss Mary near by,
And always, her heart was that tender,
I thought she was ready to cry.

Then the three of us ambled to father,
With arms locked around them I wint;
And the moment he saw that performance
His eyes took a mischievous glint.

"Dear father," I said, "Pretty Bridget
Has told me a sister I need,
And Mary assures me the same thing,
'Tis I am the brother indeed."

Then both of the girls began laughing,
Each thought I had said the right thing;
And I was quite sure of that notion,
By right of one girl and the ring.

Then Daddy McGee said, "You rascal,
To which of the girls have you lied."
And I answered, "Belave me the best one."—
They laughed at that quite satisfied.

"So that was the end of your party;"
Chimed in little Mickey O'More.—
Be aisey Mike, I never told you
That I had gone out be the door.

Well— annyway— Mickey you guessed it;
I rambled away to the gate;
For sure I suspicioned that some one
Would hang around there,— on the wait.

But that little trick of wild nature
Would never do what you might think;
The rest of the night, having missed her,
My wearied eyes slept not a wink.

The morning came up; bright and early,
The drum and fife stirred the crisp air;
And after we ate a good breakfast,
We packed up and started from there.

We marched down the main street in glory,
For all the town waved a farewell;
And here and there Johnny or Tommy
Broke ranks to kiss Kitty or Nell.

And what would you think of Miss Bridget,
So kind at the party last night!
She passed that same Phelim O'Toole, sir,
And hugged the lad just at his right.

"Ah Jimmy Malone, you rap-scallion.
Whoever would think ye so sly?
I thought your Miss Bridget was my girl,
I see it was all in me eye."

And what would you think of Miss Mary,
So ready and soft with her weep!
Ah Mickey, don't fail to raymimber
Thim kind of girls always is deep.

She passed me the same as Miss Bridget,
And held a big weep in her eyes,
But a lad on me left, Bill O'Brien,
Rewarded her sorrowful cries.

I looked on me right, there was Bridget
A-kissing of Jimmy Malone;
I looked on me left, and O'Brien,
With Mary was wailing o'chone!

'Twas sad for me, I that neglected,
Forgot by the pretty McGees!
And where was a female for Phelim
To weep with, or kiss if you please?

Well, after the women had plenty
Of doings, that kind of a way,
With a cheer for the girls and a flourish
We marched out of old Ballina.

But sarrah the cheer would I join in,—
And all the boys laughed at me so,
I gnawed on me nails, and I growled out,
"The divil knows where you will go."

Away we had marched then, a half mile,
While I was that cross as, — oh well!
When out from the midst of a thicket
We heard the most terrible yell.

A screech and a yell, and betwixt them
I heard my name, "Phelim O'Toole!"
A screech then, "O Phelim!" a yell then,
I felt like a blithering fool.

So dazed like I was, till my fool head
 Remembered the tone of that voice;
And the sight of the way I went on then
 Would make a blind monkey rejoice.

I threw down my gun on the soft peet,
 I ran to the voice that called me;
And there in a clump of sweet lilacs
 My darling, sweet Maggie McGee.

"Bad cess to you, Mickey O'More, let
 That tongue of yours wag in your head;
No question of yours can get from me
 A word of what Sweet Maggie said."

Jacques Mallaise

"Hurrah for it boys! here is Phelim—
That divil from Ireland can't die—
An ye gather around him to listen,
He'll tell ye the dooce of a lie."

"Ye Scawlthon!—ye shrimplet of Erin!—
And how are ye come to this war?
Make use of your tongue and they'll kape you
For Parliament, Mickey O'More."—

"Come over here boys! be that token,
A tale is in Phelim O'Toole;
'Tis the trick of him, since we were wee lads
In mischief together at school."

"Well, Mickey O'More, for that reason,
I'll tell them what happened for fear
If you are not stopped of your jabbers
You'll shame all the Irish that's here."

You know I was called by the general
To get him a special report,
And now there's no cause to be secret
I'll blab it to kape up your sport.

Says he to me, "Phelim, the Proossians
Most surely are tapping the wire;
I know it because our maneuvers
Are always delayed by their fire.

"And now there's an urgent occasion
For us to get word to the French,
Of doings by far too important
To chance the tapped wires from the
trench.

"Take this to them over at Dixmude,
And while ye run over the way,
Examine the wire through the forest;
And travel be light of the day."

At once I set off on my gray horse,
That message hid under his tail,
Besides a false note in my pocket,
To fool them in case I should fail.

Well, while I was riding I felt sure
I saw through the leaves of a tree,
The glint of a rifle that hinted
A Proossian was looking at me.

Good angels take care of the Irish!
I dropped the false note on the ground;
And the yokel hid up in those branches,
Bamboozled, made never a sound.

No doubt he made sure 'twas important,
So divil the trigger he pulled;
While Phelim rode forward, rejoicing,
In love wit' the Proossian he fooled.

I well knew the wires had been tapped there,
Yet innocent-like I rode by;
And so, (be the trick of it) lately
That German was shot for a spy.

In due time, I got to the French camp,
And gave the right note to the general;
That tickled he was, when he read it,
He chuckled, "We'll lick 'em my men or I'll

"Eat anny old mud in the trenches:—
Tomorrow, boys, three in the morning,
Be ready to charge wit' the bay'net,—
Be careful, don't give 'em a warning."

That word went the rounds, and our French-
men
Were merry as truants from school—
They made up a song with a chorus
That ended with Phelim O'Toole!

At three in the morning, away then,
They rushed up the hill for the Dutch—
God give me the French or the Irish!—
Hurrah! and a charge! hurrah!—Such

Was the craze and the fury,— they kept on,
Although they were caught in a hell
Where cannons were belching out murther
With solid ball, shrapnel and shell.

A thousand, at least, were destroyed there,
Not far from the enemy's trench,
And the Bosches, blood-lusting for slaughter,
Were shouting, "God punish the French!"

But while they were yelling their lungs out,
A wounded man, Jacques Mallaise,
From the midst of the dead and the dying
Sang bravely the French Marseillaise!

Imagine! betwixt the two armies,
Where mangled men covered the ground,
One living and singing defiance,
While bullets were whistling around.

His voice, a rich baritone, grandly
Swelled over the discord of hate;—
The soldiers stopped fighting and listened,
Amazed as he mocked at his fate.

But when he had silenced that clamor,
He stopped in the midst of his song,
And called to the French, who were held back
And wild to retrieve their wrong;

"Ho, comrades, my ankle is fractured,
But never you dream about me;
Shoot comrades! shoot low at the Bosches,
Have at them,— for victory!"

Good God! as they looked through the gray dawn,
And saw that the torn bodies moved,
No Frenchman could shoot at the Germans
Across the brave comrade he loved.

Not so with the long line of Proossians,
Their cruel guns rattled, spit, spats;
Swept over the field where the wounded
Were writhing like tortured rats.

And again from the din of the battle
Rang out the deep voiced Mallaise;
But instead of the song he was cursing,
In various and horrible ways.

"Shoot comrades! shoot low at the Bosches!
Forget me, consider me slain;
For what in the hell does it matter;
Remember the sack of Louvain!"

Oh, then it is something most awful;
The tears spurting forth from their eyes,
Ten thousand brave soldiers are sobbing,—
He, cursing, his own death defies!—

Ten thousand! a host out of bedlam,
They shoot with a frenzy to kill—
With never a word from a captain
They rush up the death-strewn hill.

And I am as crazy as they are—
We charge with a reckless wild yell;
And where a man falls there are ten more
To jump for the spot where he fell.

Jacques Mallaise

No son of a woman can stand up
 Against that wild shock undismayed;
Like rabbits they run from their trenches,
 Demoralized, whipped and afraid.

Red Slaughter runs mad in the gray dawn,
 The Frenchmen are shouting "Louvain!"
And often the word, "Lusitania!"
 Is echoing over the plain.—

Holy Virgin! I'm back wut the Irish,
 They fight for the Glory of God!
But the Proossians and French in a mix-up,
 Are savage for lust of hot blood.

A Dream in The Trenches

Now this is me tale;— aw now Mickey forget it,
Ye tyke! not the least tail o' me;
But the tale I'm a telling.— The weather was awful,
That nasty you never did see.

The Huns had been shelling us (snug in our trenches)
Their mortyars kept booming a wake;
And what wit' the charges and sniping around us,
No slape and no rest could I take.

Saint Pathrick (or something) took care of the Irish,
The Proossians were caught at their tricks;
They crept, in the midnight, to ketch us a-slapeing,
And gotta good fill of the Micks.

We caught them betwixt and betchune the two ditches,
And gave them a dose of cold steel;
'Twas like a pig-sticking, me arms got that weary,
For numbness I hardly could feel.

Well, when it was over, the dead men were lively
Compared with the likes of meself;—
Begobs we were safe, till the dawn o' the morning,—
I took a big snore on me shelf.

Holy Moses! the night-mares that galloped around me!
Till dawn of the morning was gray,
I thought I was walking through miles of deep
trenches
That twisted like snakes the wrong way.

And then I was lost in the thick of a forest,
And shells were the fruit of the trees;
They busted and killed such a plenty of Bosches
I waded in blood to my knees.

I stood on an old stump, surrounded by soldiers;
They grew from the trees and the stones;
I handed the biggest a jab of my bay'net,
I felt it go grit in his bones.

The bay'net stuck in him; I tried to unloose it,
To get at the rest of my foes;
It would not come out, and I could not unhand it,
Be dad! to the gun I was froze.—

Now Mickey quit winkin' and japein' that foolish,
Suppose ye were in such a fix;
Ye'd call it great sport, and the Proossians around ye?
I say, like the Dutch, "aber nix."

"'Tis the divil's own tale ye are after the telling,
Remember this, Phelim O'Toole,
Ye said ye were froze to the holt of your musket,
Explain, if ye're not a big fool."

"Aw Mickey! I saw in the light of me drameing,
And all was too dark for to see;
But now, an ye listen, I'll tell ye what happened
When sunlight was shining on me.

"Of course, what I'm after the telling was nightmares
But now I'm awake in me tale,
And when I'm awake I'm that wonderful truthful,—
A lie! whist, to tell it I'd fail."—

Now when I awoke, in the midst of me right mind,
On me left I was lying stretched out;
And the Huns be the hundred were scatthered around me;
Stark dead they were litthered about.

And their blood! 'twas a lake of it, frozen and brittle,
And there I was held in that ice;
And the musket that filled Mickey's head with a wonder,
Was held in me grip like a vice.

And from it red icicles shone in the sunlight,
Belave it or not, I don't care;
But the worst of it was, I was held like a prisoner,
And no one could pull me from there.

'Twas a sight for the Irish! alive as the divil,
And held by a Proossian that's dead!—
"Whist! Phelim O'Toole, 'tis a taffy you give us,
There's nothing but lies in your head."—

"Now, Mickey what for do ye so interrupt me,
In coorse I got out of me fix;
Just wait a bit, faith, and ye'll have to belave me,
Both you and the rest of the Micks."—

A Parlevoo came to the rescue of Erin—
He grabbed up some fresh dinnymite,—
He placed it, and parlevooed, begged of me pardon,—
And touched it off, biff!—out of sight

Sails I in the air like a scout on an airship!—
Comes I to me camp, to me friends!—
Faith, Mickey O'More, be the saints, I have proved it;
The tail of me narrative ends.

A Fish for the Kaiser

And have ye not heard of how Phelim
 Went fishing for love of the Kaiser?—
I'll tell it then, faith! a fish-story,—
 But divil a bit of a lie, sir.

Our trench was that close to the Bosches,
 We sickened of boozy beer-brogue,
A pretzel! a schnitzel! a smeerkase!
 Krout, wiener!— Dutch-dainties in vogue.

'Twas midnight, a big shell cavorted,
 And struck be the dark of the moon—
It fell from the sky like a banshee,—
 A-whining a devilish tune.

It dug up a crater ten-foot deep,
And twenty foot wide, be the guess;—
If any such lights on me noddle
I doubt of a chance to confess.

When morning awoke me 'twas raining—
The water poured into that hole
And made a delicious mud puddle—
The drain of a near by knoll.

And when the clouds tired of that juice-work,
A puddle was there; and the b'yes
Nicknamed it the Lake of Killarney—
Ould Ireland dropped down from the skies.

That very night Phelim got restless,
He dreamed he was fishing at home;
And when he awoke in the morning,
He called to me, "Mick O'More! come!

"Ye want to go fishing?— get ready!
I'm off to the Lake of Killarney!"—
I gave him the laugh, but he flared up,
"Go fish in it, divil a blarney!"

That Irishman rummaged around, till
He rigged up a rod and a hook;
And hid in his breast a dried herring,
He managed to beg from the cook.

"Whist, Mickey O'More!" the boys shouted,
"A pretty pet hid in his breast;
The feel of it! faix, and the bouquet!
A herring, imagine the rest."

Of course, 'twas a warm day and Phelim,
It may be, was sweating a bit;
But that is no cause for excitement—
You're dreaming he tasted of it.

So, Phelim got hold of a white rag,
And stuck it on top of his hat;
And out of the trench he went, careless,
His rod in his fist, and all that.

The Bosches looked on, kind a curious—
He walked to the edge of the pool;
And while he was fishing they sang out,
"O Phelim, O Phelim, O'Toole."

They knew him that well; but he kept on
Pretending to fish with a bait;
"Kape quiet!" he cautioned, "kape quiet!
Ye Germany boobies, and wait,—

"Help, help! it's a rale old ten pounder!
Kape quiet, I'll land him, avic!—
The Kaiser will lose a good breakfast—
Come help me to catch the old Nick."

That roused up a malt-fed, fat Teuton,
Round, jolly and puffy and short.—
He waddled up, made a great flourish
Of joining the Irishman's sport.

"Vee gates it? Mine Herr, yet, goot morgen,
My nahmen, mine Herr, ist Von Dool."—
"The top o' the morning, mine Herring,
My name, sir, is Phelim O'Toole."

He kept up a gabble, Teutonic,
And Phelim good Dublin was spakeing—
I never could tell how it happened,
But, while they were deep in that faking,

O'Toole got a holt of Von Dool's line,
By shouting, "They're coming, look, look!"—
And, while he was dazed, took the herring
And stuck it, all right, on the hook.

Then, slick as a weasel, he flipped it,
With never a sound, in the pool,
And shouted, "Ho, Germany, watch out,
A fish for the Kaiser,— Von Dool."

The German cried, somewhat beflustered,
"A fish for the Kaiser, mein Gott!"
And, while he was yelling, his left leg,
In a marvelous manner was caught

On Phelim's athletic right foot, sir,
And with a jew-jitty-soo twister
Von Dool was tripped into the puddle,
A-shouting, "Der Kaiser!— vot ist hier!"

And while the brave Teuton was bathing,
The Irishman flourished that fish pole,—
The herring a-dangle,— and bawled out,
"A fish for the Kaiser on this pole!"

A Fish for the Kaiser

Up, out of the trenches, the Bosches,
A dozen, a hundred, pell mell,
Rushed over to help the fat swimmer,
Blub-blubbing in that mud well.

And out of their wits at the quare turn,
But sure of the fish he had caught,
The bunch of 'em kept up a shouting,
"A fish for the Kaiser,— mein Gott!"

John Brown, African, of The Foreign Legion

Now whaffoh, Miss Maggie, you laffin,
 Kase why, of dat powaful chahm?
A white-graveyard-rabbit's left hind foot
 Will suttenly keep you from hahm.

Mah friend, Mistah Phelim, can prove it—
 Ah followed him straight up the hill—
He saw how the shells couldn't hit me—
 Some magic! in such a big mill!

"But John, you forget the 'Jack Johnson' *
 That wounded you there in the back;
Perhaps there's a plenty of magic,
 A rabbit's left hind foot may lack."

* The Soldiers call large shells "Jack Johnsons."

Why lawzey, Miss Maggie, me wounded?
And me in mah bed, paralyzed!—
Ah thought all mah troubles was ovah,
And wobbled around and capsized.

But only for this little hind foot—
It saved me and Phelim O'Toole—
That big shell had hustled our shadows
To sizzle where wintah's not cool.

"I wish you would tell me about it;"
Chimed in little Maggie McGee,
"Strange is it a man of your color
From Boston, and over the sea;

"For why should you leave that great country,
Where even the naygurs get rich,
A picking gold off of the mountains,
Or cotton and prayties and sich.

"For why did you come to this bad war,
Where Kaisers are swimming in blood,
And leave your great mansions of marble,
To wallow in trenches of mud."

Why lawzey, Miss Maggie, quoth John Brown,
Ah guess Ah most always might have
Qu-ossity mo' than right judgment;—
It was not because Ah was brave,

But some of mah friends had war-fevah,
And made up a "legion" to fight
For France, and they needed a cook, so
Ah joined them account of their plight.

And so Ah have followed this ahmy,
And fed them and fought for them too,
And Ah would be dead like the othahs
Except fo' mah little hoo-doo.

'Twas Sattaday mawnin', we stahted
To chahge like the Germans,— you know,
Bunched up in a reg'lah fo'mation—
And that worried all of us—so,

Ah said kind of loud, with intention
The captain would heah what Ah said,
"Why doan' that man tell us to spread out
Befo' we gets laid out fo' dead?"

He didn't pay no least attention—
Whaffoh should he listen to me?—
We went that-a-way till the captain
Got ready a-plenty, says he,

"Spread out and to kuvvah, heads down boys"—
He had a good reason by that—
Our heads a-most natchally sag down—
Ah dodge like a rabbit or cat.

And a-shootin' away from the hill-top
An ahsenal, robbed of its guns,
Keeps pumpin' all kinds of fired bullets,
Invented by bahberous Huns.

We stops, and we rush, and again rush,
We gets to the top of the hill;
The Germans get skeered and bend backwahd;
Ah 'spicion they sho' got their fill.

But chasing them we got surrounded,
Machine guns in front and around,
And shells in the middle a-bustin'—
Ah thought Ah was heavenly bound.

They tole us to lay on our stummicks,
To dodge their machinery pills;—
You simply cain't duck them love-tokens,
No mo' than your grocery bills.

And while Ah was huggin' the ground close,
Jack Johnson slid ovah mah back;
'O Lawdy,' Ah says to mahself, sir,
'Ah'm smashed lak a railroad track.

'Ah guess Ah'm a-earnin' mah wages,
About a whole penny a day,
But somehow the future looks gloomy
And dahk if Ah keeps dis-a-way.'

"How many days lasted that battle?"
Astonished, said Maggie McGee;—
"Why just a small po'tion of one day,
And that was enough to hold me."

"And who went with you besides Phelim?"
Said Maggie, perhaps with some pride:
He answered, "They kept me too busy,
But Phelim was close at mah side."

While Maggie was dreaming of glory,
Another nurse came with his food;
"Oh lawzey, jes' whiff at the bacon,
Ah tell you it sho'ly am good.

"If Joffrey would listen to mah plan,
This wah would not last half a day;
Ah'd set out a million of rashahs,
All crispy and hot dis-a-way;

"And scattah them out on the trenches—
As soon as the Huns got a smell
They'd jump from their holes and surrendah—
Too glad to escape from their—well,

"That minds me again of mah good luck,
Account of mah rabbit-foot chahm;
Fo' why does Ah know it's the rabbit?—
Why heah Ah is cuddled from hahm."

"But where then is Phelim," said Maggie,
"Ah, tell me for better or worse—
'Tis me that came over from Ireland,
In case he might need for a nurse."

"And do you know Phelim, Miss Maggie?
They found him nigh dead on that hill,
And toted him, captive to Belgium—
Perhaps he is up there still."

"My Phelim among those blood-robbers?
Oh, tell me how may I go there!
Thank God for this badge of the Red Cross,
A passport that's good everywhere."

Edith Cabell and Maggie McGee

"Come out with it, Mickey, and tell us
What happened when Maggie McGee
Donated her tongue to Von Bissing—
Come Mickey, we're waiting on ye."

And is it meself ye are teasing?
Me, puffing a snipe and no light?—
Me wind-pipe's that dry,— I'm a desert;
I'll bark it, not spake, if I try it.—

Well then—gloog-loog-loog! I feel better—
And now,— poof, poof, poof— a grand stogie;
So kind are ye, I will endayvor
To show up Von Bissing.— That rogue! he

Had already signed the death-warrant
Of Edith Cavell, when a sly
Ould fox of a German said, "Maggie
For helping Miss Edith should die."

And troth was it so? she had helped me,
And others, to fade from their clutches;—
No matter,— to murther a good nurse
Is nobody's right but the Deutches.

They slaughtered Miss Cavell that same night.—
Von Bissing the next morning gave
To each of his henchmen a tin cross—
A sooveneer, "fit for the brave."

And while that ould mummy still felt good,
He sent for sweet Maggie McGee,
Determined to make her confess all,
Before he would let her go free.

"So Meggie," said he, "Yust inform me
How you und Miss Kevell us fool;
A child you was, so I not hurt you—
So young, yet, und yust out of school."

Then Maggie looked daggers and scorned him;
"Is it me, ye would like to cajole?
A serpent ye are, I advise you,
Go wriggle away to your hole."

A big-fisted soldier then caught her,
And, shaking her, hissed in her ear,
"How dare you insult, yet, his highness?
Good reason I gif you to fear."

A classic performance that started:—
As when the wild-cat, in attack,
Encounters a wolf:— Her eyes blazing,
She crouches—she arches her back—

And, swift as a ball to the wicket,
 Leaps straight at the neck of her foe;—
She yells, and she scratches and bites him,
 Escapes his great teeth, till a blow

Of her claws rips a gash in his white throat;—
 So, Maggie, her eyes in a blaze,
Dug deep with the nails of her fingers
 Red lines on the German's face:

She grabbed at his hair with her two hands,
 Jerked out a big hank by the roots;
And biting and scratching and yelling,
 Kicked out with her French-heeled boots.

Compared with that little she-tiger,
 That mountain of strength was no use;
A map of ould Ireland his face was,
 When she had repaid his abuse.

That over, she threw at ould Bissing
A bottle or two of his beer:
Books, papers and weights, swords, pistols,
Just anything handy or near;

Kicked over the chairs, broke a mirror,
And screeching and yelling blue murther,
Began to tear off a few garments—
Old Bissing afraid of,— what further?

Ran out of the room in a panic,
And managed to call, in his fright,
An army or so, "to the rescue,"
Who thinking a turrible fight,—

Perhaps a surprise— came a running
To rescue that cold-blooded Nero;
By which, I'll record to the whole world,
They certainly saved a great hero.

By cannons, guns, sabres and brave deeds,
They captured sweet Maggie McGee—
Great glory they won—I have heard tell
The mix-up was awful to see.

A danger she was to their Impire,
They had to confine her in jail;—
The logical Baron Von Bissing
Wrote William a luminous tale.—

So back comes a note from Got-William
Promoting that vigilant boss,
And tons of ould junk in small pieces,
Profaning the shape of the cross.

Now, everything ready for Maggie,
Ould Bissing made up a report
To fool the dense world with a story,
How Maggie was tried in fair court;

But while he was scheming that wild tale,
The world gave a palpable hint
About the sly murther of women
By Kaisers conceited of flint.

That hard was the hint it would break through
The hide of a rhinoceros;
Small doubt of it, since the Got-Kaiser,
To prove that he loved the Red Cross,

Gave orders to pardon all nurses,
By which the blame went to Von Bissing,
The glory, as always, to William
Whom Satan not long will be missing.

And just for that reason sweet Maggie
Remained there, a Red Cross Nurse;
And she it was saved our brave Phelim—
Thank Heaven! it might have been worse.

The Glory of Phelim O'Toole

Dear Daddie, I take up my pencil
To tell ye the news of the day—
How I wish the sad war was all over,
And me in Killala Bay!

It is dreadful to be with these poor men,
That once were so strong and so brave,
Now mangled and torn;— it were better
To put them at rest in the grave.

O Father! how can I but tell it;
Our Phelim O'Toole,— is not— dead—
But wounded, he suffers that dreadful,—
I write while I watch by his bed.

They brought him here, maimed and delirious,—
He doesn't know I am his nurse;
And the doctor has said we will lose him,
If ever his fever gets worse.

Near dead am I watching the nights through,
With never a minute of sleep;
Small use have I now for these sad eyes,
Excepting to watch and to weep.

And Mickey O'More it was brought him,—
Ye mind him, that small freckled lad?
His blue eyes of laughter? God bless him!—
He took on for Phelim so bad.

He told me how Phelim got hurted,
The glory he did in that war:
I'll tell it ye here on this paper,
Be the language of Mickey O'More:—

Says Mickey, "Ah Maggie, I seen him
In the hot of it, time and again!
I'll never forget in that wild charge
So grand was he, leading his men.—

"You see, it was this way, the Bosches
Outnumbered us twenty to one,
And now they had planned a great effort,
To whip us and force us to run.

"For one of them spied out our trouble,—
What was it? Our powder was low!—
A cartridge! 'twas worth a goold guinea!—
Our gun-fire was feeble and slow.

"Of course, if we once got to running,
They'd follow with bay'net and shot;
And few of the English and Irish
Would ever return from that spot.

"The General (wise to their tactics)
Gave orders to Phelim O'Toole;
Says he, 'It is often the best plan
For wise men to hazard the fool:

" 'Get out your brigade of brave Irish
And charge up that hill, on the right—
The Proossians will argue we done it
To bring on a general fight;

" 'By which they will guess re-enforcements,—
Perhaps a reserve in the rear,—
And that will delay their maneuvers,
Until we can get out of here.

" 'Stick to it, my lad, till you scare them;
Destroy any guns that you can:
Come back when we feint to support you—
God help you, my brave Irish man.'

" 'Come back,' says I, 'Sure with the angels!'
But Phelim swore, 'Devils in pitch!
Come on my boys! Charge! To the Dutchmen!
Ho! Follow me! Out of the ditch!'

"Those divils from Ireland! God bless them!
They follow him up to the hill,
Flat down on their bellies they're crawling—
On! upward! they struggle until

"The long line of blood that's behind them
Gives pause to the bravest man there;—
But, just as they waver, up Phelim
Jumps, swinging his gun in the air;

"A target for thousands of Bosches,
He stands on the top of a stone,
And shouts like a God in that wild din,
'Come on, boys! I charge 'em alone!'

"Oh then, you can see a strange glitter
A-light in the eyes of his men;
No torment of grim death can stop them—
They follow their leader again."

O Daddy! I knew what was coming—
Your Maggie fell down in a swoon;
And Mickey took on like a wild man,
For fright of it— luckily, soon,

I came to myself, but my head swam;
A dizzy feel blinded my eyes;
And, while I was foolish, I moaned out,
"Don't tell it me! tell me no lies!"

What for did I get to my right mind?
'Tis sorrow we love here, not mirth;
We pluck the sweet flower from the green stem,
Smile on it, and crush it to earth.—

"O Mickey, o'chone, ye must tell it!—
 Hush Mickey, ye'll murther me dead!"
And so I wailed under my sorrow,
 Too wild-like to know what I said.

And when I was worn out with weeping,
 Again, I could listen to him;
And oh, what he told of those Germans!
 Bad cess to the nation of thim.—

But guess now, dear Father, what happened?
 While writing you this, by his bed,
And while I was teeming with anger,
 He opened his eyes, and he said;

"What dream is this? is it a vision?
 Or is it a dear ghost I see?
I thought I was kilt on that steep hill;
 God help me! that's Maggie McGee!

"Are you, too, my colleen, a spirit?
Your sweet life put out in that war?
Dear God! must they slaughter such children,
To humor that crazed Emperor?"

His words were that strange, but his clear eyes
With nothing of madness shone;
And when I leaned over and kissed him,
I knew that his fever had gone.

That good news broke into the sad tale
Our poor little Mickey had told.—
And he's to the war, such a small man,
With his big heart of purified gold.

And, O my dear Father! the doctor
Assures me that Phelim will live;
And when he gets well we will come back,—
And your little Maggie will give

The strength of her two arms to Phelim,—
My darling, brave, one-armed boy!—
And do ye remember that cottage
That's close by the banks of the Moy?

Entrenched On The Aisne

The Fifth Huzzars were ordered out
To labor at the trenches,
Along the Aisne a blinding rain
Came down in sheets and drenches.

A young lieutenant took a spade,
And cast away his saber,
"My lads," he said "dig up a clod,—
And glory be to labor.

"But while I dig a word to you,
Old man beside my elbow,
When I enrolled I left a girl
Who thought I was a swell beau:

"Laugh not, old man, for I can talk;
In moonlight like another;
But now, I want to talk to you
As if you were my brother.

"It's all about the girl I left—
The darling little petite—
She gave me this, and if I'm shot
I hope you won't forget it."

With this he took a picture out
And flashed it at the old man;
"She's sweeter than the smile you see,
And worth her weight in gold, man."

"Young man," he said, "I'm not so old,
But I might be her father;
I have a picture I might show,
If it were not a bother."

And all the while they bantered thus,
The shells were bursting 'round them,
And the downpour in the trenches ran,
Small wonder if it drowned them.

No doubt the youth was edging up
To tell a sober story,
A message for the girl if he
Should fall in trenches gory.

The Germans now had got the range,
Their cannonade was furious;
"I say, old man, the way those shells
Go skyting round is curious."

And at the word a bursting shell,
Filled with a hellish mixture
Tore from its roots the poor lad's arm
That held the sweetheart's picture.

Another dreadful fragment struck
The old man on the forehead—
And, just to use plain English now,
The mess was something horrid.

And there they lay with glassy eyes
Until the night was starry,
Sad magnets for the Red Cross girls
Who hunt their mangled quarry.

The youth's torn limb not far from him,
Still clutched the dear love-token;
The old man had a duplicate,
Though stained with blood and broken.

Hans Winkelmann

Hans Vinklemann was yust thot way,
He aways dit wot he was tolt;
By witch thot night he met his dett,
Und it was awful colt.

You see, December it was then,
Way off by Warsaw mit the Poles,
All kinds of plizzards plew, und we
Kept warm by digging holes.

So Hans was digging, like so me,
Venn oop the kepting comes, mit shout,
"Hans Vinkelmann!" und Hans says, "Here!"
"Vell then, thot trench get out;

"Und come by me, we need a man
 Off yonder by thot picket line;
You must not leef mitout my wort,—
 Relief will be at nine."

Vell venn a sentry vent the rount,
 Perhaps by eight o'clock, or so,
He met poor Hans half dett mit colt,
 Und standing in the snow;

Und Hans, he said, "My comrade Yake,
 I feel mit shivers, colt as ice,
I wish you giff the kepting this
 For Yennie if I dies."

So Yake comes pack und tells it all—
 Up yoomped the kepting, und he swore,
"Py Tamm! if he is scairt of colt,
 Vot vill he do in vore?"

Yust then a thousand Rooshians yelt,
Like hell-fire tyefulls, or wot not;
Und wile we fought to safe our lifes,
Poor Hans was all forgot.

The other sentries hurried in,
Und choined us mit the Rooshian fight;
I tell you wot, we licked 'em goot,
Und kept it oop all night.

Vell howso thot, venn morning comes,
We looks arount und counts our men;
The kepting calls our names, und calls,
"Hans Vinkelmann!" again.

No answer comes, und ware is Hans?
He is not on the ploody grount;
Und any ware we looks for him,
No sign of him is fount.

But Yakey was a cunning Yew,
 Und said, "Py Yim, I bet I know,
Hans Vinkelmann is keeping guart,
 Und standing in the snow!"

Vee didn't vait for leef at all—
 The morning light was werry dim,
But pretty soon we fount poor Hans,
 Or wot was left of him.

We fount two dett wolfs on the snow,
 A gun, some pones, a uniform;
Goot Gott! this Rooshian vore is colt,-
 Perhaps, yet, Hans is warm.

A Belgian Hero

The drums were rolling the reveille,
But the Belgian dozed in his trench;
A Turco yelled in his ear, "Away,
The Huns are whipping the French."

The Turco's shout was like the last trump,
And our soldier jumped to his feet—
"Lead on," he cried, and brandished his gun—
"A charge boys, never defeat!"

The Turco grinned, his white teeth shone,
The French around him guffahed;—
Our Belgian hero, clutched in a dream,
Waved cap in the air,— and hurrahed.

He flourished his gun, and with the butt end
Laid the Turco flat on the ground;
And while he shouted, "A-bas le Dutch!"
King Albert happened around.

"What ails you, my man?" the brave king said,
And our wild-eyed hero replied,
"In that deep ditch my dear wife's corpse,
And her infant dead at her side.—

"My God, I cannot begin to tell
The horrors I saw that night—
Those brutes caught my wife and our dear child
And slaughtered them in my sight.

"And that was not all: I stood there bound,
To sharpen their brutal fun;
And while I raved my captor laughed
And prodded me with his gun.

"Oh, see you not there in that foul ditch,
That beautiful woman lies?
That poor, poor clay is my dear wife,
And Death looks up from her eyes."

"Enough, my good man," the brave king said,
" 'Tis not the end of this war."
And the laughter was hushed, and stern and grim
Were they who had laughed before.

Then up from the ground the Turco rose,
Majestic in six foot three;
He swore a great oath as dark as himself,
And his eyes were as green as the sea.

Two strides—he stood by the grief-struck man,
Who had nearly broken his head,
And standing there, like a bronze statue,
Saluted the king and said;

"Together we fight, my comrade he,
We give-a the Bosches hell."—
As he walked away with a panther's step,
You could see the great muscles swell.

Hot coffee was passed along the ranks,
And the soldiers gave a cheer;
Before they could eat the cannons roared,
As would make the arch-devil fear.

Destruction rained from the east and the west,
Hot sheets of flame shot out,
And a multitude of German lungs
Broke forth in a mighty shout.

An order was given to charge the guns,
And "Vive la France" went the round—
Oh Christ! what a glorious sight to see
Those men on the shot-swept ground!

Ahead of the line our Belgian ran,
A frenzy rolled in his eye;
Around him they fell but his life was charmed,
He had no reason to die.

Now at them! his vengeance three-fold fierce,
He lunged in reckless hate;
His bayonet dripped with Teuton blood;
It seemed he could play with fate.

And always beside him the Turco fought,
Superb in his six foot three;
To right, to left, he guarded his friend,—
Too blind in his rage to see.

A rout, a rout! the German host
Scattered like chaff on the plain;—
But the French fell back, for the multitude
Of foes that rallied again.

And as they retreated our Belgian fell;
He would not take the alarm;
But the Turco gently picked him up,
And tucked him under his arm.

He cocked a bright plume above his right ear;
He swaggered as if on parade;
The petrified Germans halted pursuit,
Astonished, not whipped or afraid.

No halo of mist, as the poets tell,
Nor angel nor saint appeared,
But the rattle of arms was stopped a while,
As the foeman shouted and cheered.

'Twas only a small man crazed with wrong,
Whose vengeance caused the deed;
'Twas only a dark man reckless of life,
When a friend of his had need.

With never a look back he crossed that field,
And went where the good king stood,
And laid on the ground, with never a word,
The mangled man covered with blood.

King Albert knelt to the shattered form,
And felt his pulse with care,
And a holy dew welled in his eyes
When he knew that life was there.

And when he got up he said a few words
That a thousand thoughts revealed—
"The man is not dead, the war is not done,
There's a God of the battle field."

The First Balkan War

The sound of battle haunts my dreams;—
I hear the sabers clash,
The ringing steel of scimitars,
That in the sunlight flash;

The myriad rifles' sharp report,
The cannons' awful roar,
Shouts of the victors, shrieks and groans,—
The horrid voice of War.

The startling sounds of horses hoofs,
Across the plains of Thrace,
Beat rhythmic on historic ground,
The knell of Turkish race.

Unfurl proud banner of the free,
 Unfurl on Balkan peak;
Trail the vile Crescent in the dust
 Before the conquering Greek.

O glorious heroes of the past,
 Come back from Marathon!
Renew the valor of those days,
 On fields of Macedon.

O frenzied child! O widow frail!
 Weep not upon the sod
That hides the valiant hero's form
 Whose soul has gone to God.

Sonnets

I

If far in heaven dwells the Lord of Peace,
Who long ago commanded us to love
Our neighbors as ourselves, and, far above,
Looks down in sorrow on our wickedness,

Unchecked,— this world-wide slaughter must increase
With new forms of destruction, framed to move
More deadly through the elements, and prove
Inferno pupil to man's deviltries.—

Oh strange conclusion, if a ruthless war
Is by a wise God used for love's great gain,
And what appears most wicked is most good.

A righteous cause compels the cannon's roar,
And millions, Christ-like, willingly are slain
To weld a bond of love with their life-blood.

II

When Caesar slaughtered millions for the lust
Of savage legions, brutalized in crime,
And spread destruction where compounding Time
Had promised fruitage from the trampled dust,

To dupe those cutthroats he proclaimed his trust
In phantom gods, revered in every clime,—
In song adored, and adulating rhyme, —
But died himself of many a dastard thrust.

What living God may Kaisers now suborn
To legalize the murder of our day,
And filch religion for their wickedness?

The Living Deity may rather scorn
The holy phrases used by kings of clay,
And harken to the lowly in distress.

III

Elijah, gazing with prophetic eye,
Might read a warning from the scroll of fate,
Or, from his mountain far through Heaven's gate,
In urgent prayer appeal to the Most High:

What visionary now can satisfy
The sharp demand of this abnormal date,
While rival nations from a gulf of hate
Pour prayers, conflicting, to the fretted sky?

Although the lamp of reason through the gloom
May hardly penetrate with feeble ray,
The wise may read a lesson from the past,—

May truly prophecy the certain doom
Of scheming monarchs, and a better day
When universal love shall reign at last.

IV

Harsh blow the cold winds from the barren north,
Hurling battalians of sharp hail and sleet
Over the genial south,—to blast and beat
Frail blossoms that the fruitful soil brought
forth:

But all that turmoil gives an equal worth;
For cold death is a foil to living heat,
New life is nourished in death's winding sheet,
And from the dead,—life beautifies the earth.

Why, then, this wonder that a war-mad king
May hurl his legions to destroy dear life,
Dispensing in God's name unholy hate?

From all that winter-frost of hate may spring
A summer of sweet love to end all strife;
And hallowed peace may be our last estate.

Perseus and Medusa

In their eternal prison, Æolus,
Had 'mured the floating winds, and Lucifer,
Reminder of our daily labor, rose
Magnificent upon the lofty sky;
And while that splendor told the coming dawn
The hero Perseus bound celestial wings
Securely on his feet, and girt his sword,
And sped wing-footed through the liquid air.

Innumerous kingdoms far behind were left,
Till peoples Ethiopic, and the lands
Of Cepheus were beneath his lofty view.

There Ammon, the Unjust, had made decree
Andromeda, though innocent, herself,
Should suffer for her mothers boastful tongue;
And, having bound her to the sacrifice,
They fettered her upon a rocky cliff,
Where lashed the waters of the sounding sea.

And Perseus, floating on his god-like wings,
When he beheld her fastened to that rock,
Believed he saw a statue; but the breeze
Moved in her hair, and from her lovely eyes
The warm tears fell. Her beauty so amazed
Him, though unconscious captive of her charms,
His nimble wings almost forgot to wave.

Alighted on the shore, he thus began;
'O fairest! cruel are the chains that bind
Thy body—much more worthy golden links
That bind a lover's heart! Make known to me
Thy country's name, and thine; and why art thou

Bound helpless to this rock in heavy chains."

O'ercome with virgin shame, she only sighed,
While she was vainly striving to conceal
Her lovely form, but fettered so she could not move,
Was only able to avert her eyes
Whose tears for sympathy could only plead.

But still he urged, and lest her lack of speech
Might seem confession of a wicked crime
She told her name, her native country's name,
And how her beauty caused her mother's pride;
But while she spake the mighty ocean roared,
And swiftly over the dark waves approached
An ocean monster, his huge head erect,
Breasting the wide expanse. The virgin shrieked,—
Her wretched mother raved upon her breast,
And her enfeebled father cursed his gods;—
Mingling their lamentations with their tears,
They clung distracted to her fettered form.

And thus the hero spake; "Time waits for tears,
But quickly flies the moment of our need.—
Were I, the son of sky-compelling Jove,
And her whom he embraced in showers of gold,
I, Perseus, who destroyed the Gorgon, wreathed
With snake-hair; I who dare on waving wings
To cleave etherial air; were I to ask
This maid in marriage, I should be preferred
Above all others as your son-in-law.

"Not satisfied with deeds achieved, I strive
To add such merit as the Gods permit;
Now, therefore, should my valor save her life,
Be it conditioned that I win her love."—
To this her parents gave a glad assent;
For who would hesitate? And they entreat,
And promise him the kingdom as a dower.

Lo, as a ship with fixed beak speeds on,—

Forced forwards by the straining arms of youths,
It plows the deep; so, breasting the great waves,
The monster moved, — until to reach the rock
No further space remained than might the whirl
Of Balearic sling encompass, through
The middle skies, with plummet of hard lead.—

That instant, spurning with his feet the ground,
Up to a cloudy hight rose Perseus;
And, when the shadow of that hero marked
The surface of the sea, the monster sought
Vainly to vent his fury on the shade.

As when the bird of Jupiter beholds
A basking serpent on the shimmering plain,
Exposing to the sun its spotted coils,—
He seizes on its back, and lest it turn
To strike with venomed fangs, he fixes fast
His grasping talons through the scaly neck;—
So did the winged hero, in swift flight

Through yielding element, press down
On the great monster's back, and thrust his sword,
Sheer to the hilt, back of the shoulder blade.—

Its frightful bellows sounded o'er the sea;
Wild with the grievous wound the monster reared
High in the air, or plunged into the waves,
Or wheeled around;— so turns the frigthened boar,
Shunning the hounds around him in full cry.—
On his active wings the hero avoids
The monster's jaws, and with his pointed sword
Tortures its back wherever may be pierced
The mail of hollow shell; or strikes betwixt
The curving ribs, or wounds its lashing tail,
Long-tapered as a fish. The monster spues
Forth streams incarnadined with blood,
That spout upon the hero's wings.— Now, wet
And heavy with that spume, no more dares he
To trust his fortune to his dripping wings;
But he discerns a rock, which rises clear

Above the waters, when the sea is calm,
But now is seen beneath the troubled waves:
On this he rests; and, as his left hand holds
Firm on its upper ledge, he thrusts his sword,
Times more than three, unswerving in its aim,
Clear through the monster's entrails.—

Shouts of praise
Resound along the shores, and even the Gods
May hear his glory in their high abodes.—
Her parents, Cepheus and Cassiope,
Most joyfully salute their son-in-law,
Declaring him the saviour of their throne.—
And now, her chains struck off, the lovely cause
And guerdon of his toil walks on the shore.

The hero washes his victorious hands
In water freshly taken from the sea:
But lest the sand upon the shore might harm
The viper-covered head, he first prepared

831364

A bed of springy leaves, on which he threw
Weeds of the sea produced beneath the waves:
On them he laid Medusa's awful face,
Daughter of Phorcys; and the living weeds,
Fresh-taken from the boundless deep, imbibed
The baneful poison in their spongy pith.
They hardened at the touch, and felt in branch
And leaf unwonted stiffness. Sea-Nymphs, too,
Attempted to perform that prodigy
On numerous other weeds with like result.—
So, pleased with their success, they raised new seeds
From plants wide-scattered o'er the salt expanse.
And from that day the coral has retained
Such wondrous nature that exposed to air
It hardens. Thus, a plant beneath the waves
Becomes a stone when taken from the sea.

Three altars to the Gods he wrought of turf:
To thee, victorious Virgin, did he build
An altar on the right, to Mercury

An altar on the left, and unto Jove
An altar in the midst. He sacrificed
A heifer to Minerva, and a calf
To Mercury, the wing-foot, and a bull
To thee, O greatest of the Deities.

Without a dower he takes Andromeda,
The guerdon of his glorious victory,—
Nor hesitates.— Now pacing in the van
Both Love and Hymen wave the nuptial torch,
Abundant perfumes lavished on the flames.
Flageolets and lyres resound, and songs;
Felicit' notes that happy hearts declare.—
The portals opened, sumptuous halls display
Their golden splendors; and the noble lords
Of Cepheus' court take places at the feast,
Magnificently served.—

After the feast,
When every heart was warming to the joys

Of genial Bacchus, Perseus (of the hero-race
Of Abas) questioned how they lived and what
Their customs. Unto him at once replied
Lyncides and disclosed the manners, laws
And habits of that land; which having done
He made request, "Most valiant Perseus tell
The story of the deed, that we may know,
And what the arts and power prevailed, when thou
Struck off the serpent-covered head."

"There is,"
Thus answered Perseus to his guest,
There is a spot beneath cold Atlas where,
In bulwarks of enormous strength, to guard
Its rocky entrance, dwelt two sisters, born
Of Phorcys: these were wont to share in turn
A single eye beween them: this by craft
I got possesion of,— when one essayed
To hand it to the other, I put forth
My hand and took it as it passed between.

"Then far, remote, through flinty pathless hills,
Over wild crags that bristled with thick woods,
I thence arrived to where Medusa dwelt.
Along the way, in fields and by the roads,
I saw, on all sides, men and animals—
Like statues— turned to flinty stone at sight
Of that dread Gorgon's visage. But with craft,
Reflected on the polished shield of brass,
Then borne upon my left, I saw her face.
When she was helpless in the power of sleep,
And when her serpent locks were slumber-bound,
I struck and took her head from off her neck.—
To winged Pegasus the gore gave birth,
His brother also, twins of rapid wing."

So did he speak, and truly told, besides,
The perils of his journey, arduous
And long. He told of seas and lands that far
Beneath him he had seen, and of the stars

That he had visited on waving wings.—
And yet, before they were aware the tale
Was ended; he was silent.— Then rejoined
A noble with enquiry, why, alone
Of those three sisters, snakes were interspersed
Through dread Medusa's locks; and he replied;

"Because, O stranger, it is thy desire
To learn what worthy is for me to tell,
Hear ye the cause:— Beyond all others, she
Was famed for beauty, and the anxious hope
Of many suitors. Words would fail to tell
The glory of her hair, most wonderful
Of all her charms. Some friends of mine have claimed
They saw it in its splendor. Fame declares
The Sovereign of the Sea attainted her
In chaste Minerva's temple, while enraged
That Goddess turned away and held her shield
Before her eyes. To punish this great crime

Minerva changed Medusa's splendid hair
To serpents, horrible.— And now to strike
Her foes with fear she wears upon her breast
Those awful vipers creatures of her rage."

While Perseus, the brave son of Jupiter,
Surrounded at the feast by Cepheus' lords,
Narrated this, behold, a multitude
With sudden outcry filled the royal courts—
Not with the clamors of a wedding feast
But boisterous rage; portentous of dread war.
As when the fury of a great wind strikes
A tranquil sea, tempestuous billows roll
Across the peaceful bosom of the deep;
So were the pleasures at the banquet changed
To sudden tumult.

Foremost of that throng,
The rash ring-leader, Phineus, shook his spear
Of brass-tipped ash, and shouted, "Ha, 'tis I!

I come avenger of my ravished bride!
Let now thy flittering wings deliver thee,
Or even Jupiter, dissolved in showers
Of imitation gold." So boasted he,
Aiming his spear at Perseus.

Thus to him
Cried Cepheus; "Hold thy hand, and strike him not!
What strange delusions, O my brother, have
Compelled thee to this crime? Is it the just
Requital of heroic worth? A fair
Reguerdon for the life of her you loved?
If truth were known, not Perseus ravished her
From thee; but, either 'twas the awful God
That rules the Nereides; or Ammon, crowned
With crescent horns; or that monstrosity
Of Ocean's vast abyss, which came to glut
His famine on the issue of my loins.
Nor was thy suit abandoned till the time
When she must perish and be lost to thee.

So cruel art thou, seeking my daughter's death,
Rejoicing lightly in our deep despair.—

"And was it not enough for thee to stand
Supinely by, while she was bound in chains,
And offer no assistance though thou wert
Her lover and betrothed? And wilt thou grieve
That she was rescued from a dreadful fate,
And spoil her champion of his just rewards?
Rewards that now may seem magnificent,
But not denied to thee if thou hadst won
And saved, when she was fettered to the rock.
Let him, whose strength to my declining years
Restored my child, receive the merit due
His words and deeds; and know his suit was not
Preferred to thine, but granted to prevent
Her certain death."

Not deigning to reply,
Against them Phineus stood; and glancing back

From him to Perseus, with alternate looks,
As doubtful which should feel his first attack,
Made brief delay. Then vain at Perseus hurled
His spear, with all the force that rage inspired,
But, missing him it quivered in a couch.
Provoked beyond endurance Perseus leaped
Forth from the cushioned seats, and fiercely sent
That outwrenched weapon back. It would have pierced
His hostile breast had not the miscreant crouched
Behind the altars. Oh perverted good,
That thus an altar should abet the wrong!
But, though the craven Phineus escaped,
Not vainley flew the whizzing point, but struck
In Rhœtus' forehead. As the barb was torn
Out of the bone the victim's heels began
To kick upon the floor, and spouting blood
Defiled the festal board. Then truly flame
In uncontroll ed rage the vulgar crowd,
And hurl their harmful darts.

And there are some
Who hold that Cepheus and his son-in-law
Deserved to die; but Cepheus had passed forth
The threshold of his palace, having called
On all the Gods of Hospitality
And Truth and Justice to attest, he gave
No comfort to the enemies of Peace.

Unconquered Pallas is at hand and holds
Her Ægis to protect her brother's life;
She lends him dauntless courage. At the feast
Was one from India's distant shores, whose name
Was Athis. It was said that Limnate,
The daughter of the River Ganges, him
In vitreous caverns bright had brought to birth;
And now at sixteen summers in his prime
The handsome youth was clad in costly robes.
A purple mantle with a golden fringe
Covered his shoulders, and a necklace, wrought
Of gold, enhanced the beauty of his throat.

His hair encompassed with a coronal,
Delights with fragrant myrrh. Well taught was he
To hurl the javelin at a distant mark,
And none with better skill could stretch the bow.

No sooner had he bent the pliant horns
Than Perseus, with a smoking billet, seized
From the mid-altar, struck him on the face,
And smashed his features in his broken skull.

Now, when Assyrian Lycabas beheld
His dear companion, whom he truly loved,
Beating his handsome countenance in blood,
And when he had bewailed his lost life,
That ebbed away from that unpiteous wound,
He snatched the bow that Athis used, and said;

"Let us in single combat seek revenge;
Not long shalt thou rejoice the stripling's fate;
A deed most worthy shame." So speaking, forth

The piercing arrow bounded from the cord,
Which, though avoided, struck the hero's cloak
And fastened in its folds.— Then Perseus turned
Upon him with the trusted curving sword
That wrought Medusa's death, and drove the blade
Deep in his breast. The dying victim's eyes,
Now swimming in a shadowous night, looked 'round
For Athis, whom, beholding, he reclined
Upon, and ushered to the other world,
Sad consolation of united death.

Lo, Phorbas the descendant of Methion,
Who hailed from far Syene, with his friend
Amphimedon of Libya, in their haste
To join the battle, slipped up in the blood
And fell together: just as they arose
That glittering sword was driven through the throat
Of Phorbas into the ribs of his companion.

But Erithus, the son of Actor, swung

A battle-ax, so weighty, Perseus chose
Not combat with his curving blade. He seized
In his two hands a huge bowl, wrought around
With large design, outstanding from its mass.
This, lifting up, he dashes on his foe,
Who vomits crimson blood, and falling back
Beats on the hard floor with his dying head.
And many more he slew in many ways,
And trampled on the dying heaped around.

Not daring to engage his enemy
In open contest, Phineus held aloof,
And hurled his javelin. Badly aimed—by some
Mischance or turned— it wounded Idas, who
Had followed neither side; vain-hoping thus
To shun the conflict. Idas, filled with rage,
On Phineus gazed with futile hate, and said,
"Since I am forced unwilling to such deeds,
Behold, whom thou hast made thine enemy,
O savage Phineus! Let thy recompense

Be stroke for stroke." So speaking, from the wound
He drew the steel, but, faint from loss of blood,
Before his arm could hurl the weapon back,
He sank upon his knees.

Here, also, lies
Odites,— noblest of the Cephenes,
Save Cepheus only,— slaughtered by the sword
Of Clymenus. And Prothoenor lies
The victim of Hypseus; by his side
Hypseus slaughtered by Lyncidas falls.

And in the midst of this destruction stood
Emathion, now an aged man, revered,
Who feared the Gods and wrought for upright deeds.
And, since his years denied him strength for war,
He battled with his tongue, and railed, and cursed
Their impious weapons. As that aged man
Clings to the altar with his trembling hands,
Chromis with ruthless sword cuts off his head,

Which straightway falls upon the altar, whence
His dying tongue denounces them in words
Of execration: and his soul expires
Amid the altar flames.

Then Broteas
And Ammon, his twin brother, who not knew
Their equals at the cestus, by the hand
Of Phineus fell; for what avails in deed
The cestus as a weapon matched with swords.
Ampycus by the same hand fell,— the priest
Of Ceres, with his temples wreathed in white.

And O, Iapetid es not for this
Didst thou attend the feast! Thy voice attuned
Melodious to the harp, was in request
To celebrate the wedding day with song,—
A work of peace; as thou didst stand aside,
Holding the peaceful plectrum in thy hand,
The mocking Pettalus in ridicule said,

"Go sing thy ditties to the Stygian shades."
And, mocking thus, he drove his pointed sword
In thy right temple. As thy limbs gave way
Thy dying fingers swept the tuneful strings;
And falling thou didst chant a mournful dirge.
Thee to avenge enraged Lycormas tore
A huge bar from the door-post, on the right,
And dashing it against the mocker crushed
His neck-bones: as a slaughtered bullock falls—
He tumbled to the ground.

Then on the left,
Cinyphian Pelates began to wrench
An oak plank from the door-post, but the spear
Of Corythus, the son of Marmarus,
Pinioned his right hand to the wooden post;
And while he struggled Abas pierced his side.
He fell not to the floor, but dying hung
Suspended from the door-post by his hand.

And of the friends of Perseus, Melaneus
Was slain, and Dorylas whose wealth was large
In Nasamonian land. No other lord,
As Dorylas, such vast estates possessed;
No other owned so many heaps of corn.
The missile steel stood fastened in his groin,
Obliquely fixed,— a fatal spot—and when
The author of his wound, Halcyoneus
The Bactrian, beheld his victim thus,
Rolling his eyes and sobbing forth his soul,
He railed; "Keep for thyself all thy lands
As much as thou canst cover." And he left
The bleeding corpse.

But Perseus in revenge
Hurled after him a spear, which, in his need,
He ripped out from the wound, yet warm, and struck
The boaster on the middle of his nose.
The piercing steel, passed through his nose and neck,
Remained projecting from the front and back.

And while good fortune helped his hand, he slew
Clanis and Clytius, of one mother born,
But with a different wound he slaughtered each:
For, leveled by a mighty arm, his ashen spear
Drove through the thighs of Clytius, right and left,
And Clanis bit the javelin with his teeth.

And by his might, Mendesian Celadon
And Atreus fell, his mother of the tribes
Of Palestine, his father was unknown.
Æthion, also, who could well foresee
The things to come, but was at last deceived
By some false omen. And Thoactes fell,
The armour-bearer of the king; and, next,
The infamous Agyrtes who had slain
His father. These he slew; and though his strength
Was nearly spent, a thousand more remained:
For now the multitude with one accord
Conspired to slaughter him. From every side
The raging troops assailed the better cause.

In vain the pious father and the bride,
Together with her mother, fill the halls
With lamentations; for the clash of arms,
The groans of fallen heroes drown their cries.
Bellona in a sea of blood has drenched
Their Household Gods, polluted by these deeds,
And she endeavors to renew the strife.

Perseus, alone against that raging throng,
Is now surrounded by a thousand men,
Led on by Phineus; and their flying darts,
As thick as wintry hail, are showered around
On every side, grazing his eyes and ears.—
Quickly he fixed his shoulder firm against
The rock of a great pillar, which secured
His back from danger, and he faced his foes,
And baffled their attack.

Upon his left
Chaonian Molpeus pressed, and on his right

A Nabathean called Ethemon pressed.—
As when a tiger from a valley hears
The lowing of two herds, in separate fields,
Though hunger urges he not knows on which
To spring, but rages equally for each;
So, Perseus doubtful which may first attack
His left or right, knows not on which to turn,
But stands attentive to behold the flight
Of Molpeus, whom he wounded in the leg.
Nor could he choose—Ethemon, full of rage,
Pressed on him to inflict a fatal wound,
Deep in his neck; but with incautious force
Struck the stone pillar with his ringing sword
And shattered the metal blade, close to the hilt;
The flying fragment pierced its owner's neck,
But not with mortal wound. In vain he pled
For mercy, stretching forth his helpless arms:
Perseus transfixed him with his glittering blade,
Cyllenian.

But when he saw his strength
Was yielding to the multitude, he said,
"Since you have forced it on yourselves, behold,
I seek unwilling aid from hostile scource.
O friends, avert your faces if ye stand
Before me!" And he raised Medusa's head.

Thescelus answered him; "Seek other dupes
To chase with wonders!" Just as he prepared
To hurl the deadly javelin from his hand
He stood, unmoving in that attitude,
A marble statue.

Ampyx, close to him,
Exulting in a mighty spirit, made
A lunge to pierce Lyncides in the breast;
But, as his sword was flashing in the air,
His right arm grew so rigid that he stood
Unable to draw back or thrust it forth.

But Nileus, who had feigned himself begot
By seven-fold Nile, and carved his shield with gold
And silver streams, alternate seven, shouted;
"Behold, O Perseus, him from whom I sprung!
And thou shalt carry to the silent shades
A mighty consolation in thy death
That thou wert slain by such a one as I."
But in the midst of boasting, the last words
Were silenced; and his open mouth, although
Incapable of motion, seemed intent
To utter speach.

Then Eryx, chiding says;
"Your craven spirits have benumbed you, not
Medusa's poison.— Come with me and strike
This youthful mover of magician charms
Down to the ground."— He started with a rush;
The earth detained his steps; it held him fast;
He could not speak; he stood, complete with arms,
A statue.

Such a penalty was theirs,
And justly earned; but near by there was one,
Aconteus, who defending Perseus, saw
Medusa as he fought; and at the sight
The soldier hardened to an upright stone.—
Assured he was alive, Astyages
Now struck him with his long sword, but the blade
Resounded with a ringing note; and there,
Astonished at the sound, Astyages,
Himself, assumed that nature; and remained
With wonder pictured on his marble face.

And not to weary with the names of men,
Sprung from the middle classes, there remained
Two hundred warriors eager for the fight—
As soon as they beheld Medusa's face
Two hundred warriors stiffened into stone.

At last, repentant, Phineus dreads the war,
Unjust, and in a helpless fright beholds

The statues standing in strange attitudes;
And, recognizing his adherents, calls
On each by name to rescue him from death.
Still unbelieving he begins to touch
The bodies, nearest to himself, and all
Are hard stone. Having turned his eyes away,
He stretched his hands and arms obliquely back
To Perseus, and confessed his wicked deeds;
And thus imploring spake;

"Remove, I pray,
O Perseus, thou invincible, remove
From me that dreadful Gorgon: take away
The stone-creating countenance of thy
Unspeakable Medusa! For we warred
Not out of hatred, nor to gain a throne,
But clashed our weapons for a woman's sake.—
Thy merit proved thy valid claim, and time
Gave argument for mine. It grieves me not
To yield, O bravest, only give me life,

And all the rest is thine." Such words implored
The craven, never daring to address
His eyes to whom he spake.

And thus returned
The valiant Perseus; "I will grant to thee,
O, timid-hearted Phineus! as behoves
Thy conduct; and it should appear a gift,
Magnanimous, to one who fears to move.—
Take courage, for no steel shall violate
Thy carcase; and, moreover, thou shalt be
A monument, that ages may record
Thy unforgotten name. Thou shalt be seen
Thus always, in the palace where resides
My father-in-law, that my surrendered spouse
May oft console her grief when she beholds
The darling image of her first betrothed."

He spake, and moved Medusa to that side
Where Phineus had turned his trembling face:

And as he struggled to avert his gaze
His neck grew stiff; the moisture of his eyes
Was hardened into stone.— And since that day
His timid face and coward eyes and hands,
Forever shall be guilty as in life.

Pentheus and Bacchus

Tiresius unto Pentheus prophecied,
"Oh glad the day to thee, if, light denied,
Thine eyes, most fortunate, should not behold
The Bacchanalian rites! The day shall come,
And soon the light shall dawn, when Bacchus, born
Of Semel e, shall make his advent known—
All hail the new God Bacchus! Lest thou first
Shalt build a temple to this Deity,
Thou shalt be torn asunder, thy remains,
Throughout the forest scattered, shall pollute
The woods with sanguinary streams; and thy

Life-blood bespatter with corrupting blots
Thy frenzied mother and her sisters twain.
And all shall come to pass, as I have told,
Because thou wilt not honor the New God.
And thou shalt wail and marvel at the sight
Of blind Tiresias, though veiled in night".

And as he spake, lo, Pentheus drove the seer:
But all his words, prophetic, were fulfilled,
And confirmation followed in his steps.—
Bacchus at once appears, and all the fields
With festal shouts resound; the howling rout
Madly runs forward; and the newly wed,
Mixing with matrons in the motley throng
Are borne resistless to the unknown rites.

Then Pentheus cries; "What madness, O ye brave
Descendants of the Dragon! Sons of Mars!
What frenzy has confounded you? Can sounds
Of clanging brass prevail, and pipes and horns,

And magical delusions, drunkenness,
And yelling women, and obscene displays,
And hollow drums o'ercome you whom the sword,
Nor troops of war, nor trumpet could affright?

"How shall I wonder at these ancient men,
Who, crossing boundless seas from distant Tyre,
Hither transferred their exiled Household Gods,
And founded a new Tyre; but now are shorn,
And even as captives would be led away
Without appeal to Mars? And, O young men,
Of active prime whose vigor equals mine,
Cast down your ivy scepters; take up arms;
Put on your helmets; strip your brows of leaves;
Be mindful of the mighty stock you are,
And let your souls be animated with
The spirit of that dauntless dragon, which,
Unaided, slew so many, and at last
Died to defend his fountain and his lake.

"So ye may conquer in the hope of fame.

He gave the brave to death, but with your arms
Ye shall expel the worthless, and enchance
The glory of your land. If Fate decrees
The fall of Thebes, Oh, let the engineries
Of war and men pull down its walls, and let
The clash of steel and roaring flames resound.
Thus, blameless in great misery, our woes
Would be the theme of lamentations, known
To story; and our tears would shame us not.

"But now an unarmed boy will conquer Thebes;
A lad whom neither weapons, wars nor steeds
Delight; whose ringlets reek with myrrh; adorned
With chaplets, purple and embroidered robes
Of interwoven gold. Make way for me!
And I will soon compel him to confess
His father is assumed, and all his rites
Are frauds.

"If in the spirit of Acrisius

We hold this vain God in deserved contempt,
And shut the Argive gates against his face,
Shall such a stranger terrify all Thebes,
And Pentheus also? Up ye varlets! hence!
Fetch the vile leader of these rioters
In chains! Let not my mandate be delayed."

Him to restrain his grandsire, Cadmus, strove;
And Athamas, and many of his trusted friends
United in vain efforts to rebuke
His reckless rage; but greater violence
Was gained from every admonition.—
His rage increased the more it was restrained,
And injury resulted from his friends.
So have I seen a stream in open course,
Run gently on its way with pleasant noise,
But whensoever logs and rocks detained,
It foamed, with violence increased, athwart
Obstructions.

Presently returned to him
His servants stained wih blood; and thus he spake,
"What have ye done with Bacchus?" And to him
They made reply; "Not Bacchus have we seen,
But we have taken his attendant lad,
The chosen servant of his sacred rites."
And they delivered to the noble king
A youth whose hands were lashed behind his back.

Then Pentheus, terrible in anger, turned
His awful gaze upon the lad, and though
He scarce deferred his doom, bespake him thus;
"Doomed to destruction, thou art soon to give
Example to my people by thy death:
Tell me thy name; what are thy parents called;
Where is thy land; and wherefore art thou found
Attendant on these Bacchanalian rites."

But fearless he replied; "They call my name
Acœtes; and Mæonia is the land

From whence I came. My parents were so poor,
My father left me neither fruitful fields,
Tilled by the lusty ox, nor fleecy sheep,
Nor lowing kine; for, he himself was poor,
And with his hook and line was wont to catch
The leaping fishes, landed by his rod.
His skill was all his wealth; and when to me
He gave his trade he said, 'Thou art the heir
Of my employment, therefore unto thee
All that is mine I give,' and, at his death,
He left me nothing but the running waves.—
They are the sum of my inheritance.

"And, afterwhile, that I might not be bound
Forever to my father's rocky shores,
I learned to steer the keel with dextrous hand;
And marked with watchful gaze the guiding stars;
The watery Constellation of the Goat,
Olenian, and the Bear, the Hyades,

The Pleiades, the houses of the winds,
And every harbour suitable for ships.
So chanced it, as I made for Delus, first
I veered close to the shores of Naxus; there
I steered, by plying on the starboard oar,
And nimbly leaping gained the sea-wet strand.

"Now when the night was past and lovely dawn
Appeared, I 'rose from slumber, and I bade
My men to fetch fresh water, and I showed
The pathway to the stream. Then did I climb
A promontory's hight to learn, perchance,
The promise of the winds, which having done,
I called the men and sought once more my ship.
Opheltes, first of my companions, cried,
'Behold we come!' And, thinking he had caught
A worthy prize in that unfruitful land,
He led a boy, of virgin-beauty formed,
Across the shore.

"Heavy with wine and sleep
The lad appeared to stagger on his way,—
With difficulty moving. When I saw
The mannner of his dress, his countenance
And grace, I knew it was not mortal man,
And being well assured, to all I spake;
'What Deity abideth in that form
I cannot say; but 'tis a God in truth.—
Oh, whosoe'er thou art, vouchsafe to us
Propitious waters; ease our toils, and grant
To these thy grace.'

"At this, the one of all
My mariners which was the quickest hand,
Which ever was the nimblest on the yards,
And first to slip the ropes, Dictys exclaimed;
'Pray not for us!' and all approved his words.
The golden haired, the guardian of the prow,
Melanthus, Libys and Alcimedon
Approved it, and Epopeus who should urge

The flagging spirits, and with rhythmic chants
Give time and measure to the beating oars,
And all the others praised their leader's words,—
So blind is greed of gain.— Then I rejoined,
'Mine is the greatest share in this good ship,
Which I will not permit to be destroyed,
Nor injured by this sacred freight;' and I
Opposed them as they came.

"Then Lycabas,
The most audacious of that impious crew,
Began to rage. He was a criminal
Who, for a dreadful murder, had been sent
In exile from a Tuscan city's gates.
Whilst I opposed he gripped me by the throat,
And shook me as would cast me in the deep,
Had I not firmly held a rope, half stunned.
And all that wicked crew approved the deed.

"Then Bacchus (be assured it was the God)

As though the noise disturbed his lethargy
From wine, and reason had regained its power,
At last bespake the men, 'What deeds are these?
What noise assails my ears? What means decoyed
My wandering footsteps? Whither do ye lead?'
'Fear not,' the steersman said, 'but tell us fair
The haven of thy hope, and thou shalt land
Whereso thy heart desires.'' To Naxus steer,'
Quoth Bacchus, 'for it is indeed my home,
And there the mariner finds welcome cheer.'
Him to deceive, they pledged themselves and swore
By Gods of seas and skies to do his will:
And they commanded me to steer that way.

''The Isle of Naxus was upon our right,
And when they saw the sails were set that way,
They all began to shout at once, 'What, ho!
Thou madman! what insanity is this,
Acœtes? Make our passage to the left.'
And all the while they made their meaning known

By artful signs or whispers in my ears.
I was amazed and answered, 'Take the helm.'
And I refused to execute their will,
Atrocious, and at once resigned command.
Then all began to murmur, and the crew
Reviled me. Up Æthalion jumped and spake,
'As if our safety is in thee, forsooth!'
With this he swaggered up and took command;
And leaving Naxus steered for other shores.

"Then Bacchus, mocking them,— as if but then
He had discovered their deceitful ways,—
Looked on the ocean from the rounded stern,
And seemed to sob as he addressed the men;
'Ah mariners, what alien shores are these?
'Tis not the land you promised nor the port
My heart desires. For what have I deserved
This cruel wrong? What honor can accrue
If strong men mock a boy; a lonely youth
If many should deceive?' And as he spake

I, also, wept to see their wickedness.

"The impious gang made merry at our tears,
And lashed the billows with their quickening oars.
By Bacchus do I swear to you (and naught
Celestial is more potent) all the things
I tell you are as true as they surpass
The limit of belief. The ship stood still
As if a dry dock held it in the sea.—
The wondering sailors labored at the oars,
And they unfurled the sails, in hopes to gain
Some headway, with redoubled energies;
But twisting ivies tangled in the oars,
And interlacing held them by the weight
Of heavy ivy-berries. Bacchus, crowned
With chaplets of grape-clusters, shook a lance
Covered with twisted fronds of leafy vines.
Around him crouched the visionary forms
Of tigers, lynxes, and the mottled shapes
Of panthers.

"Then the mariners leaped out,
Possessed by fear or madness. Medon first
Began to turn a swarthy hue, and fins
Grew outward from his flattened trunk,
And with a curving spine his body bent.—
Then Lycabas to him, 'What prodigy
Is this that I behold?' Even as he spake
His jaws were broadened and his nose was bent,
His hardened skin was covered with bright scales.
And Libys, as he tried to pull the oars,
Beheld his own hands shrivel into fins;
Another of the crew was fain to grasp
The twisted ropes, but even as he strove
To lift his arms they fastened to his sides;—
With bending body and a crooked back
He plunged into the waves, and as he swam
Displayed a tail, as crescent as the moon.

"Now here, now there, they flounce about the ship;
They spray her decks with brine; they rise and sink;

They rise again, and dive beneath the waves;
They seem in sportive dance upon the main;
Out from their nostrils they spout sprays of brine,
They toss their supple sides. And I alone,
Of twenty mariners that manned that ship,
Remained. A cold chill seized my limbs,—
I was so frightened; but the gracious God
Now spake me fair, 'Fear not and steer for Naxus.'
And when we landed there I ministered
On smoking altars Bacchanalian rites."

But Pentheus answered him; "A parlous tale,
And we have listened to the dreary end
Hoping our anger might consume its rage;—
Away with him! hence drag him, hurl him out,
With dreadful torture, into Stygian night."

Quickly they seized and dragged Acœtes forth,
And cast him in a dungeon triple strong.
And while they fixed the instruments of death,

Kindled the fires and wrought the cruel irons;
The legend says, though no one aided him,
The chains were loosened and slipped off his arms;
The doors flew open of their own accord.

But Pentheus, long-persisting in his rage,
Not caring to command his men to go,
Himself went forth to Mount Cithæron, where
Resound with singing and with shrilly note
The votaries of Bacchus at their rites.
As when with sounding brass the trumpeter
Alarms of war, the mettled charger neighs
And scents the battle, so the clamored skies
Resounding with the dreadful outcries fret
The wrath of Pentheus and his rage enflame.

About the middle of the mount (with groves
Around its margin) was a treeless plain,
Where nothing might conceal. Here as he stood
To view the sacred rites with impious eyes,

His mother saw him first. She was so wrought
With frenzy that she failed to know her son,
And cast her thyrsus that it wounded him;
And shouted, "Ho come hither, Ho!
Come hither my two sisters! a great boar
Hath strayed into our fields; behold me strike
And wound him!"

As he fled from them in fright
The raging multitude rushed after him;
And, as they gathered round that helpless one,
He cried for mercy and condemned himself,
Confessing he had sinned against a God.
And as they wounded him he called his aunt;
"Auton oe have mercy! Let the shade
Of sad Actæon move thee to relent!"
No pity moved her when she heard that name;
In a wild frenzy she forgot her son.
While Pentheus was imploring her, she tore
His right arm out; her sister Ino wrenched

The other from his trunk. He could not stretch
His arms out to his mother, but he cried,
"Behold me, mother!" When Agave saw,
His bleeding limbs, torn, scattered on the ground,
She howled, and tossed her head, and shook her hair
That streamed upon the breeze; and when his head
Was wrenched out from his mangled corpse,
She clutched it with her blood-smeared fingers, while
She shouted, "Ho! companions! victory!
The victory is ours!" So when the wind
Strips from a lofty tree its leaves, which touched
By autumn's cold are loosely held, they fall
Not quicker than the wretch's bleeding limbs
Were torn asunder by their cursed hands.

Now, frightened by this terrible event,
The women of Ismenus celebrate
The new Bacchantian rites; and they revere
The sacred altars, heaped with frankincense.

Pyramus and Thisbe

When Pyramus and Thisbe, who were known
The one most handsome of all youthful men,
The other loveliest of all eastern girls,—
Lived in adjoining houses, near the walls
Which Queen Semiramis had built of brick
Around her famous city, they grew fond,
And loved each other—meeting often there—
And as the days went by their love increased.

They wished to join in marriage, but that joy
Their fathers had forbidden them to hope;

And yet, the passion that with equal strength
Inflamed their minds no parents could forbid.
No relatives had guessed their secret love,
For all their converse was by nods and signs;
And as a smoldering fire may gather heat,
The more 'tis smothered, so their love increased.

Now, it so happened, a partition built
Between their houses, many years ago,
Was made defective with a little chink;
A small defect observed by none, although
For ages there; but what is hid from love?
Our lovers found the secret opening,
And used its passage to convey the sounds
Of gentle murmured words, whose tuneful notes
Passed oft in safety through that hidden way.

There, many a time, they stood on either side,
Thisbe on one and Pyramus the other,
And when their warm breath touched from lip to lip,

Their sighs were such as this: "Thou envious wall
Why art thou standing in the way of those
Who die for love? What harm could happen thee
Shouldst thou permit us to enjoy our love?
But if we ask too much, let us persuade
That thou wilt open whilst we kiss but once;
For, we are not ungrateful; unto thee
We own our debt; here thou hast left a way
That breathed words may enter loving ears."
So vainly whispered they, and when the night
Began to darken they exchanged farewells;
Made pretence that they kissed a fond farewell—
Vain kisses that to love might none avail.

When dawn removed the glimmering lamps of night,
And the bright sun had dried the dewy grass,
Again they met where they had told their love;
And now complaining of their hapless fate,
In murmurs gentle, they at last resolved,

Away to slip upon the quiet night,
Elude their parents, and, as soon as free,
Quit the great builded city and their homes.
Fearful to wander in the pathless fields,
They chose a trysting place, the tomb of Ninus,
Where safely they might hide unseen, beneath
The shadow of a tall mulberry tree,
Covered with snow-white fruit, close by a spring.

All is arranged according to their hopes:
And now the daylight, seeming slowly moved,
Sinks in the deep waves, and the tardy night
Arises from the spot where day declines.

Quickly, the clever Thisbe, having first
Deceived her parents, opened the closed door:
She flitted in the silent night away;
And, having veiled her face, reached the great tomb,
And sat beneath the tree; love made her bold.
There, as she waited, a great lioness
Approached the near by spring to quench her thirst;

Her frothing jaws incarnadined with blood
Of slaughtered oxen. As the moon was bright,
Thisbe beheld her, and affrighted fled
With trembling footstep to a gloomy cave;
And as she ran she slipped and dropped her veil,
Which fluttered to the ground She did not dare
To save it. Wherefore, when the savage beast
Had taken a great draft and slaked her thirst,
And thence had turned to seek her forest lair,
She found it on her way, and full of rage,
Tore it and stained it with her bloody jaws:
But Thisbe, fortunate, escaped unseen.

Now Pyramus had not gone out as soon
As Thisbe to the tryst; and, when he saw
The certain traces of that savage beast,
Imprinted in the yielding dust, his face
Grew white with fear: but when he found the veil
Covered with blood, he cried; "Alas, one night
Has caused the ruin of two lovers! Thou

Wert most deserving of completed days,
But as for me, my heart is guilty! I
Destroyed thee! O my love! I bade thee come
Out in the black night to a lonely haunt,
And failed to go before. Oh! whatso' lurks
Beneath this rock, though ravenous lion, tear
My guilty flesh, and with thy cruel jaws
Devour my curs ed entrails! What? Not so;
It is a craven's part to wish for death!"

So he stopped briefly; and took up the veil;
Went straightway to the shadow of the tree;
And as his tears bedewed the well-known veil,
He kissed it oft and sighing said, "Kisses
And tears are thine, receive my blood as well."

And he imbrued the steel, girt at his side,
Deep in his bowels; and plucked it from the wound,
A-faint with death. As he fell back to earth
His spurting blood shot upward in the air:

So, when decay has rift a leaden pipe
A hissing jet of water spurts on high.—
By that dark tide the berries on the tree
Assumed a deeper tint, for as the roots
Soaked up the blood the pendant mulberries
Were dyed a purple tint.

Thisbe returned,
Though trembling still with fright, for she supposed
Her lover must await her at the tree,
And she should haste before he feared for her.
Longing to tell him of her great escape
She sadly looked for him with faithful eyes;
But when she saw the spot and the changed tree,
She doubted could they be the same, for so
The color of the hanging fruit deceived.

Whilst doubt dismayed her, on the ground she saw
The wounded body covered with its blood;—
She started backward, and her face grew pale

And ashen; and she shuddered like the sea,
Which trembles when its face is lightly skimmed
By the chill breezes;— and she paused a space;—
But when she knew it was the one she loved,
She struck her tender breast and tore her hair.
Then wreathing in her arms his loved form,
She bathed the wound with tears, mingling her grief
In his unquenched blood; and as she kissed
His death-cold features wailed; "Ah Pyramus,
What cruel fate has taken thy life away?
Pyramus! Pyramus! awake! awake!
It is thy dearest Thisbe calls thee! Lift
Thy drooping head! Alas,"— At Thisbe's name
He raised his eyes, though languorous in death,
And darkness gathered o'er them as he gazed.

Then she beheld her veil; and near it lay
His ivory sheath—but not the trusty sword—
And once again she wailed; "Thy own right hand,
And thy great passion have destroyed thee!—

And I? my hand shall be as bold as thine—
My love shall nerve me to the fatal deed—
Thee I will follow to eternity—
Though I be censured for the wretched cause,
So surely I shall share thy wretched fate:—
Alas whom death could me alone bereave,
Thou shalt not from my love be reft by death!
And, O ye wretched parents, mine and his,
Let our misfortunes and our pleadings melt
Your hearts, that ye no more deny to those
Whom constant love and lasting death unite—
Entomb us in a single sepulchre.

"And, O thou tree of many-branching boughs,
Spreading dark shadows o'er the corpse of one,
Destined to cover twain, take thou our fate
Upon thy head; mourn our untimely deaths;
Let thy fruit darken for a memory,
An emblem of our blood." No more she said;
And having fixed the point below her breast,

She fell on the keen sword, still reeking with his blood.

But though her death was out of Nature's law
Her prayer was answered, for it moved the Gods
And moved their parents. Now the Gods have changed
The ripened fruit which darkens on the branch:
And from the funeral pile their parents sealed
Their gathered ashes in a single urn.

The Four Ages and Jupiter

The Golden Age was first. Then rectitude,
Spontaneous in the heart, prevailed, and faith.
Avengers were not seen, for laws, unframed,
Were all unknown and needless. Punishment
And fears of penalties existed not.
No harsh decrees were fixed on lasting brass:
No suppliant multitude the countenance
Of Justice feared, averting, for they dwelt
Without a judge in peace.

Descended not
The steeps, shorn from its hight, the lofty pine

To cleave the trackless waves of alien shores;
Nor distant realms were known to wandering men.
The towns were not entrenched for cruel war,
Nor did the brazen trumpet, curved or straight,
With glittering sword and helmet, flash the sun.
Unknown to martial pomp, secure in peace,
A happy multitude enjoyed repose.

Then, of her own accord the earth produced
A store of every fruit. The harrow touched
Her not, nor did the plowshare wound
Her fields. And man, content with given food
And none compelling, gathered arbute fruits,
And wild strawberries on the mountain sides,
And ripe blackberries clinging to the bush,
And cornels, and sweet acorns on the ground,
Down-fallen from the spreading tree of Jove.

Eternal Spring! soft-breathing zephyrs soothed
And warmly cherished buds and blooms, produced

Without a seed. The valleys, though unplowed,
Gave many fruits; the fields, though not renewed,
White, glistened with their heavy ears of corn.
Rivers flowed milk and nectar, and the bees
Distilled their golden store in ilex green.

When Saturn groped in gloomy Tartarus,
And all-consulting Jove controlled the world,
The Silver Age, though not as rich as gold,
Superior to burnished bronze, succeeded.

Jove first reduced to years the Primal Spring,
By him divided into seasons four;
Unequal autumn, summer, winter, spring.—
Then glowed with tawney heat the parched air,
Or pendant icicles in winter froze;
And man, for shelter, crouched in gloomy caves,
In bushes hid, or hovels of peeled bark.—
Then were the cereals planted in long rows,
And groaning bullocks pressed against the yoke.

And in the Third Age, in the Age of Bronze,
The cruel multitude inclined to arms,
But not to impious crimes.

And, last of all,
The Iron Age is hard, and wickedness
Of most malignant vein has broken forth.—
Now modesty and faith and truth take flight,
And in their stead deceits, and snares, and frauds,
And violence, and wicked love of gain, succeed.—

The sailor gave his canvas to the winds
The winds unknown; and keels that long had stood
On lofty mountains sailed through distant waves.
Surveyors, anxious, marked with metes and bounds
The lands, created free as light and air.
Nor need the rich ground furnish only crops
And give due nourishment, by right required:
They penetrated to the bowels of earth,

To dig up wealth, bad cause of all our ills;
Rich ores which long ago the earth had hid,
And deep removed to gloomy Stygian caves.
Then quickly noxious iron and harmful gold
Were brought to light; and War, which fights with each,
Came forth and shook with sanguinary grip
His clashing arms.

Rapacity succeeds:
And even the guest is fearful of his host;
The father-in-law distrusts his son-in-law,
And brothers seldom can abide in peace.
The husband threatens to destroy his wife,
And she her husband: horrid step-dames mix
The deadly henbane: eager sons inquire
Their fathers' ages: Piety is dead:
And, last of all the Deities to leave,
Astræa hastens from the blood-stained earth.

THE GIANTS and JUPITER

And lest etherial hights should long remain
Less troubled than the earth, to realms of Heaven
Aspired the race of Giants; and they piled
Mountain on mountain to the lofty stars.
But Jove, omnipotent, shot thunderbolts
Through Mount Olympus; and he shook the base
Of Ossa huge, which fell from Pelion's peak.

And while the dreadful Giants lay o'erwhelmed
In their tremendous bulk, (so fame reports)
The Earth was covered with the copious blood
Of her gigantic sons: and thus, replete
With moisture she infused the reeking gore
With life renewed. And, lest a monument
Of that ferocious stock should thus remain,
She made that offspring in the shape of man.—

But this new race alike despised the Gods,
And by the greed of savage slaughter proved
Their sanguinary birth.

LYCAON and JUPITER

When from his throne,
Supreme, Saturnian Jove beheld their deeds,
He deeply groaned. But after he recalled
The loathesome feast Lycaon had prepared,
A recent deed not common to report,
His mind conceived huge anger—worthy Jove—
And he convened a council.— No delay
Detained the chosen Gods.

When skies are clear,
A path is well-defined on high, which men,
Because so white, have named The Milky Way.

It is a passage for the Deities,
And leads to mansions of the Thunder-God,
To Jove's imperial home. On right and left
Its portaled courts with noble Gods are thronged—
But far from there the lesser kind abide—
In front the Deities renowned of Heaven
Have fixed their homes. Oh, let my song be bold,
And I'll not fear to designate that place,
'Palatial Residence of Highest Heaven!'

When, therefore, in marmoreal halls the Gods
Were seated, Jove, upon his glorious throne,
Sat leaning on his ivory scepter. Thrice,
And four times more he shook his awful hair,
With which he moved the earth, the seas and stars,
And thus, indignantly, began to speak;

"The time when serpent-footed Giants strove
To fix their hundred arms on captive Heaven,
Not more than this event could cause alarm

For my dominion of the universe.
Although it was a savage enemy,
Yet warred we with a single race, derived
Of one. Now must I utterly destroy
This mortal race, wherever Nereus roars
Around the world. Yea, by the Infernal Stream
That glides beneath the world in gloomy groves,
I swear it. Every method has been tried.
The knife must cut the immedicable wound
Lest maladies infect the healthy parts.

"Beneath my sway are demi-gods and fauns,
Nymphs, rustic deities, sylvans of the hills,
Satyrs;— all these, unworthy Heaven's delights,
We should at least permit to dwell on earth,
Which we to them bequeathed. What think ye, Gods,
Is safety theirs, when I, your sovereign lord,
Controller of the lightnings, may be snared
By fierce Lycaon?"

Ardent in their wrath,
The astonished Gods demand revenge o'ertake
That miscreant; he who dared commit such crimes.
'Twas even thus when raged that impious band
To blot the Roman name in sacred blood
Of Cæsar, sudden, apprehensive fears
Of ruin absolute astonished man,
And all the world convulsed. Nor is the love
Thy people bear to thee, Augustus, less
Than these displayed to Jupiter, whose voice
And gesture all the murmuring host restrained.
And, as the indignant clamor ceased, suppressed
By regnant majesty, Jove once again
Broke the deep silence with imperial words;

"Dismiss your rage; he paid the penalty:
However, all the crime and punishment
Now learn from me:— The infamous report
Of this unholy age had reached my ears;
And, wishing it were false, I sloped my course

From high Olympus Mount; and as a God,
Disguised in human form I roamed the world.
It would delay us to recount the crimes,
Unnumbered, for reports were less than truth.

"I crossed o'er Mænalus, where fearful dens
Abound, and o'er Lycæus, wintry slopes
Of pine-tree groves, and other mountain steeps;
And as the twilight warned the night's approach,
I stopped in that Arcadian tyrant's realm,
And entered his inhospitable homes.
And when I showed them that a God had come
The lowly people all began to pray,
But this Lycaon mocked their pious vows,
And scoffing said; A fair experiment
Will prove the truth if this be God or man."
And he prepared to slay me in the night,
And end my slumbers in the sleep of death.
So made he merry with his impious proof.

"But, not content with this, he cut the throat
Of a poor hostage, from Molossa sent,
And partly softened his still quivering limbs
In boiling water, partly roasted them
On fires that burned beneath. And when this flesh
Was served to me on tables, I destroyed
His palace and his worthless Household Gods
With thunderbolts avenging.

"Terror-struck,
He took to flight, and on the silent plains
Is howling in his vain attempts to speak.
He raves and rages, and his greedy jaws,
Desiring their accustomed slaughter, turn
Against the cattle, eager for their blood.—
His vesture separates in shaggy hair;
His arms are changed to legs; and as a wolf
He keeps the vestige of his ancient form.—
He has the same grey locks, the same hard face,
The same bright eyes, the same ferocious look.—

"Thus fell one house; but not one house, alone
Deserves to perish; far as earth extends
The frightful Furies reign; all men conspire
To evil; let them, therefore, feel the sting
Of dreadful penalties, so justly earned,
For such hath my unchanging will ordained."

Deucalion and the Deluge

With exclamations, some approve the words
Of Jove, and join him in his mighty rage,
While others yield assent. But all must grieve
Complete destruction of the human race,
And question future of the earth, deprived
Of mortals.— "Who will offer frankincense
On smoking altars? Wilt thou suffer earth
To be devoured by hungry beasts of prey?
Such idle questions of the state of man
The King of Gods forbids, but gracious grants

To people earth with race, miraculous,
Not like the first.

And now dread thunder-bolts,
And dire destruction over every land,
Would Jove wide-scatter, but he feared the flames,
Unnumbered, sacred ether might ignite,
And burn the unmeasured axle of the world.
For, he remembers in the scroll of fate,
There is a time appointed when the sea
And earth and Heavens will burn in triple fires,
Whelming in total ruin the wide universe.
Such weapons, by the skill of Cyclops forged,
For different punishment, him pleasing most,
Are laid aside.

He willed to overwhelm
That mortal race beneath the waves and storms
From universal skies. And instantly
He shut the Northwind in the Cave of Storms,

And every other wind that might dispel
The gathering clouds. He bade the Southwind blow:—

The Southwind flies abroad with dripping wings,
Concealing in the gloom his awful face:
The waves descend adown his stormful hair
And hoary beard; clouds gather 'round his brows,
And from his breast and huge wings drop the dews:
His great hands press the overhanging clouds;
Loudly the thunders roll; the torrents pour.
Iris, The Rainbow, messenger of Juno,
In many colored raiment clothed, took up
Refreshing dews to renovate the clouds.

The standing grain is beaten to the ground;
The rustic's wreaths are scattered in the mire;
And he bewails the long year's fruitless toil.—
The wrath of Jove was not content with powers
That emanate from Heaven; he brought to aid
His azure brother, lord of flowing waves,

Who called upon the Rivers and the Streams.
And when they entered his impearled abode,
Neptune, their ancient ruler, thus began;

"Harken, O Streams and Rivers! Pour ye forth
In rage of power; open up your fountains
And overwhelm all those that stop your way;
Pour forth your boundless floods." Thus he commands;
And none dissenting, all the River-Gods
Return, and opening up their fountains roll,
Tumultuous, to the deep unfruitful sea.

And Neptune with his trident smote the Earth,
Which, trembling with unwonted throes, heaved up
The sources of her secret streams; and through
Her open plains the rapid rivers rushed
Resistless, onward bearing the waving grain,
The budding groves, the houses, sheep and men,
Holy temples, and all their sacred urns.
The mansions that remained, resisting vast

And total ruin, deepening waves concealed,
And tossed their tottering turrets in the flood
And whirling deeps. And now, one vast expanse,
The land and sea were mingling in the waste
Of endless waves—a sea without a shore.—
A desperate man fled to the nearest hill;
Another sitting in his curved boat,
Plied the long oar where he had often plowed—
He sailed above his grain, or glided o'er
His hidden home,— and there another hooked
A fish that sported in a leafy elm:
And here an anchor dropped in verdant fields,
And there the crooked keels pushed through the vines:
And where the gracile goat enjoyed the green,
Unsightly seals reposed.

Beneath the waves
Are wondering Nereids, viewing cities, groves
And houses. Dolphins darting mid the trees,
Meshed in the twisted branches, beat against

The shaken oak trees. There the timid sheep
Swim with the frightened wolf; the surging waves
Bear tigers and lions; availeth naught
His lightning-shock the wild boar, nor avails
The deer's fleet-footed speed. The wandering bird,
Seeking umbrageous groves and hidden vales,
With wearied pinion droops into the sea.
The waves increasing surge above the hills,
And rising waters dash on mountain tops.
Myriads by the waves are swept away;
And those the waters spare are overcome
With fasting—famished for the lack of food.

A fruitful land and fair, but now beneath
A wilderness of rising waves submerged,
'Twixt Acte and Aonia, Phocis lies,—
Where, through the clouds, Parnassus' summits twain
Point ever to the stars, unmeasured hight,
Save which the rolling billows covered all.

There, in a small and fragile boat, arrived
Deucalion and the consort of his couch,
Prepared to worship the Corycian Nymphs,
The mountain deities, and Themis, she,
Who ancient days revealed in oracles
The voice of fate. As he no other lived
So good and just; as she no other feared the Gods.

When Jupiter beheld the globe
Given to ruin, and swept with wasting waves;
When he beheld one man of thousands left,
One helpless woman of the many left,
Both innocent and worshipping the Gods,
He scattered all the clouds; he blew away
The rainstorm by the cold Northwind. Once more
The earth appeared to Heaven and the skies
Appeared to earth. The fury of the waves
Abated, for the Ocean-ruler laid
His trident down, and pacified the deeps,
And called on azure Triton.

Triton arose
Above the deep profound, and glistering stood
Upon the swirling seas; his shoulders veiled
In purple. He commanded Triton blow,
Blow in his sounding shell, the wandering streams
And rivers to recall with signal known.—
A hollow-wreath ed trumpet, tapering wide,
And slender stemmed, then Triton took amain,
And wound that pearly shell at midmost sea.
Betwixt the rising and the setting suns
The wildered notes resounded, shore to shore;
And, as it touched his lips, wet with the brine
Beneath his dripping beard, sounded retreat:-
And all the waters of the land and sea
Obeyed. Their fountains ceased to flow; their waves
Subsided, and the hidden hills uprose;
Emerged the shores of ocean; channels filled
With flowing streams; the soil appeared; the land
Increased its surface as the waves decreased:
And after length of days the trees put forth,—

With ooze on bending boughs,— their naked tops.

And all the wasted globe was now restored;
But as he viewed the vast and silent plains
Deucalion wept, and thus to Pyrrha spake;
"My sister-wife, O woman sole-surviving!
My kindred in descent and origin,
Dearest companion of my marriage-bed,
Doubly endeared by deepening dangers! Here,
Of all the dawn and eve, behold of earth
Are we alone remaining, for the deeps
Devoured the rest. Alas, why not the tide
Us overwhelm? The dark, forbidding clouds
Affright us. Oh what solitude, wert thou
Torn from my side,— by fate bereft of me!
Child of compassion! in the silent, wide,
And lonely wilderness what fears assail!—
And who would comfort thy desponding grief?
Should waves unfathomed gulf thee in abyss,
I'd plunge their depths, and night would close my eyes.

Oh, would that as Prometheus I might breathe
The flame of spirit-life in earth's dead mould,
Creating man anew. Alas, the Gods
Decreed; and only we are living!" Thus
Deucalion's plaint to Pyrrha; and they wept.

Now they were fain to supplicate the Gods,
And ask of sacred oracles the way;
So hastened they to seek the mountain stream
Which rolled a turbid flood in shallows known.
Thence, when their robes and brows were sprinkled o'er,
They turned their footsteps to the Goddess' fane:
Its pinnacles befouled with reeking moss,
And its deserted altars lacking fires.
But soon as they had reached the temple steps
They fell upon the earth, inspired with awe,
Deep, reverential, and kissed the stones,
Saying, "If prayers avail to move the Gods,
And if the wrath of high celestial powers

Be mutable, declare, O Themis! whence
And what the power may raise humanity?
O gentle Goddess, help us or we die!"

Moved by their supplications, thus replied
The Goddess, "Go from my temple; veil your heads;
Ungird your garments and cast back of you
The bones of your great mother." Doubtful, a while
They stood amazed. And Pyrrha, first to speak,
Refused the mandate, as her trembling lips
Implored the Goddess, for she greatly feared
To violate the sacred bones and vex
Her mother's shade. But deeply pondered they
Those words concealing dark obscurities—
Repeating often.

Thus Deucalion,
The son of great Prometheus, spake, at last
To Pyrrha, (Epimetheus daughter) words
Of soothing import; "Oracles are just,

And urge not evil deeds; or naught avails
The skill of thought.— Our mother is the Earth,
And I may judge the rocks of earth her bones,
Which we are told to cast behind our backs."

And although she of Titan race was moved
By this interpretation, doubts involved
Her hopes in darkening maze; Deucalion, too,
Doubted the purpose of the oracle;
But what could harm them if they should obey?
Descending from the temple steps, they veiled
Their heads and loosed their robes and threw some stones
Behind them. It surpasses all belief,
But the receding ages witness it;
The rigid stones assumed a pliant form;—
Enlarging, as their brittle nature changed
To milder substance, till the shapes of men
Appeared, imperfect, faintly outlined first,
As marble statues chiseled in the rough.

The softer parts were changed to softer flesh;
The hard and brittle substance into bones;
The veins retained their ancient name. And now
The Gods, supreme, ordained that every stone
Deucalion cast should take the form of man,
And those by Pyrrha thrown should woman's form
Assume: so, we are hardy to endure,
And prove by deeds from whence and what we sprung.

Python and Apollo

Now in the mire of Earth spontaneous grew
Innumerous animals of every kind,
When all the moisture of the swampy fens
Fermented in the sun: and fruitful seeds
In soils nutritious grew to shapes ordained.—
Thus, when the seven-streamed Nile, from oozey marsh
Returneth duly to his ancient bed,
The sun's etherial rays impregn the slime,
That, haply, as the peasants turn the soil
They find strange animals unknown before:

Some in the moment of their birth, and some
Deprived of limbs, imperfect;— often part
Alive and part of slime inanimate
Behold they in one body. Heat combined
With moisture so conceives, and life results
From these two elements. For though the flames
May be the foes of moisture, every thing
That lives begins in vapour; and it seems
Discordant concord is the means of life.

When Earth, spread over with diluvian slime,
Felt heat life-giving from the glowing sun,
Unnumbered species to the light she gave,
And gave to being many an ancient form,
Or monster, new-created. Unwilling, she
Created thee, enormous Python. Thou,
Abnormal serpent, stretched athwart extent
Of mountains vast, with mortal terror filled
The growing race of new-created man.
Apollo, God of the bow (a weapon used till then

Only to hunt the deer and fleet roe-bucks)
Destroyed that monster with his glittering darts;
Emptied, almost, his quiver of its darts,
While venom oozed forth from the livid wounds.

Lest in a dark oblivion, time should hide
The fame of that achievement, sacred sports
Apollo instituted; from the Python's name
Known as "The Pythian Games," in which the youth
Who proved victorious in the chariot race,
Running or boxing, with an honored wreath
Of beechen leaves was crowned. The laurel then
Was not created, and the bright Apollo,
Phoebus, the beautiful of golden hair,
Was fain to wreathe his brows with various leaves.

Calisto and Jupiter

Now after Phaeton had suffered death
For the vast ruin wrought by scorching flames,
All the great walls of Heaven's circumference,
Unmeasured, views the Father of the Gods,
With searching care, that none impaired by heat
May fall in ruins. Well assured they stand
In self-sustaining strength, his view, at last,
On all the mundane works of man is turned;—
His loving gaze long resting on his own
Arcadia. And he starts the streams and springs

That long have feared to flow; paints the wide earth
With verdant fields; covers the trees with leaves,
And clothes the injured forests in their green.

While wandering o'er the world, he stopped
amazed,
When he beheld the lovely Nymph, Calisto,
And fires of love were kindled in his breast.

Calisto was not clothed in sumptuous robes,
Nor did she deck her hair in artful coils;
But with a buckle she would gird her robe,
And bind her long hair with a fillet white.
She bore a slender javelin in her hand,
Or held the curving bow; and thus in arms
As chaste Diana, none of Mænalus
Were loved by that fair Goddess more than she.

But everything must change. When bright the
sun,

Rolled down the sky, beyond his middle course,
She pierced a secret thicket, known to her,
And having slipped the quiver from her arm,
She loosed the bended bow, and softly down
Upon the velvet turf reclining, pressed
Her white neck on the quiver while she slept.

When Jupiter beheld her, negligent
And beautiful, he argued thus, "How can
My consort, Juno, learn of this? And, yet,
If chance should give her knowlege, what care I?
Her scolding tongue shall never cause me harm."

This said, the God transformed himself, and took
Diana's form—assumed Diana's dress—
And imitating her awoke the maid,
And spoke in gentle tones, "What mountain slope,
O virgin of my train, hath been thy chase?"
Which, having heard, Calisto 'rose and said,
"Hail, Goddess! greater than celestial Jove!
I would declare it though he heard the words."

Jove heard and smiled, well pleased to be preferred
Above himself, and kissed her many times,
And strained her in his eager arms, while she
Began to tell the fortunes of her hunt.—
But when his ardent love was known to her,
She struggled to escape from his embrace:
Ah, how could she, a tender maid, resist
Almighty Jove?— O Goddess of the chaste!
If thou hadst only witnessed her thy heart
Had shown more pity!—

Jupiter on wings,
Transcendent, sought his glorious hights;
But she, in haste departing from that grove,
Almost forgot her quiver and her bow.

Behold, Diana with her virgin train,
When hunting on the slopes of Mænalus,
Amidst the pleasures of exciting sport,

Espied the Nymph and called her, who, afraid
That Jove apparelled in disguise deceived,
Drew backward for a moment, till appeared
To her the lovely Nymphs that followed: thus,
Assured deceit was none, she ventured near.

Alas, how difficult to hide disgrace!
She could not raise her vision from the ground,
Nor, as the leader of the hunting Nymphs
As was her wont, walk by the Goddess' side.
Her silence and her blushes were the signs
Of injured honor. Ah, Diana, thou,
If thou wert not a virgin, wouldst perceive,
Too well, her troubled state, for all the Nymphs
That followed thee observed her altered mien.

The Moon's bent horns were rising from their ninth
Sojourn, when, fainting from Apollo's flames,
The Goddess of the Chase beheld a cool

Umbrageous grove, from which a murmuring stream
Ran babbling gently over golden sands.
When she approved the spot, lightly she struck
Her foot against the ripples of the stream,
And praising it began; "Far from the gaze
Of all the curious we may bathe our limbs,
And sport in this clear water." Quickly they
Undid their garments,— but Calisto hid
Behind the others, till they knew her state.—
Diana in a rage exclaimed, "Away!
Thou must not desecrate our sacred springs!"
And she was driven thence.

Ere this transpired,
Observed the consort of the Thunder-God
Her altered mien; but she for ripening time
Withheld severe resentment. Now delay
Was needless for distracted Juno heard
Calisto of the God of Heaven had borne

A boy called Arcas. Full of jealous rage,
Her eyes and thoughts enkindled as she cried;

"And only this was wanting to complete
Thy wickedness, that thou shouldst bear a son,
And flaunt abroad the infamy of Jove!
Unpunished thou shalt not escape, for I
Will spoil the beauty that has made thee proud,
And dazzled Jupiter with wanton art."

So saying, by her forehead's tresses seized
The Goddess on her rival, and with rough hand threw
Face-downward to the ground. Pleading she raised
Her suppliant arms and begged for mercy.— While
She pled black hair spread over her white limbs;
Her hands were lengthened into feet, and claws
Long-curving tipped them; snarling jaws deformed
The mouth that Jove had kissed. And lest her prayers
And piteous words might move some listening God,
And give remembrance, speech was so denied,

That only from her throat came angry growls,
Now uttered hoarse and threatening.

Still remains
Her understanding, though her body, thus
Transformed, makes her appear a savage bear.—
Her sorrows are expressed in many a groan,
Repeated as she lifts her hands—if we
May call them so—repeated as she lifts
Them towards the stars and skies, ungrateful Jove
Regarding; but her voice accuses not.

Afraid to rest in unfrequented woods,
She wandered in the fields that once were hers,
Around her well-known dwelling. Over crags,
In terror, she was driven by the cries
Of hounds; and many a time she fled in fear,
A huntress from the hunters, or she hid
From savage animals; forgetful, oft,
Her own condition. Changed into a bear,

She fled affrighted from the he-bears, found
Upon the mountains; and she feared and fled
The wolves,— although her father was a wolf.

When thrice five birthdays rounded out the youth
Of Arcas, offspring of Lycaon's child,
He hunted in the forest of his choice;
Where, hanging with his platted nets the trees
Of Erymanthian forest, he espied
His transformed mother,— but he knew her not;
No one had told him of his parentage.

Knowing her child, she stood with levelled gaze,
Amazed and mute as he began approach;
But Arcas, frightened at the sight drew back
To pierce his mother's breast with wounding spear.
Ere she could touch him, lo, the God of Heaven
Averted, and removed them from that crime.
He, in a mighty wind, through vacant space,
Upbore them to the dome of starry heaven;

And fixed them, Constellations, bright amid
The starry host.

Juno on high beheld
Calisto crowned with glory—great with rage
Her bosom heaved. She hastened o'er the sea,
To hoary Tethys and to old Oceanus,
Whom all the Gods revere, and thus to them
In answer to their words she made address;

"And is it wondered that the Queen of Gods
Comes hither from etherial abodes?
My rival sits upon the Throne of Heaven:
Yea, when the wing of Night has darkened earth,
Let my fair word be deemed of no repute,
If you behold not in the hight of Heaven
Those new made stars, now honored to my shame,
Conspicuous: fixed in the highest dome of space
That circles the utmost axis of the world.

"Who, then, should hesitate to put affront
On Juno? matchless Goddess! each offense
Redounds in benefit! Who dreads her rage?
O boundless powers! O unimagined deeds!
My enemy assumes a Goddess' form
When my decree deprives her human shape;—
And thus the guilty rue their chastisement!

"Now let high Jove to human shape transform
This hideous beast, as once before he changed
His Io from a heifer.— Let him now
Divorce his Juno and consort with her,
And lead Calisto to his couch, and take
That wolf, Lycaon, for a father-in-law!

"Oh, if an injury to me, your child,
May move your pity, drive the Seven Stars
From waters crystalline and azure-tint,
And your domain debar from those that shine

In Heaven, rewarded for Jove's wickedness.—
Bathe not a concubine in waters pure."—
The Gods of Ocean granted her request.

Coronis and Phoebus

High in her graceful chariot through the air,
Translucent, wends the Goddess, glorious child
Of Saturn, with her peacocks, many-hued:
Her peacocks, by the death of Argus limned,
So gay were made when black as midnight turned
Thy wings, O chattering raven! white of yore.
For, long ago the ravens were not black—
Their plumage then was white as any dove—
White-feathered, snow-white as the geese that guard
With watchful cries the Capitol: as white

As swans that haunt the streams. Disgrace reversed
The raven's hue from white to black, because
Offence was given by his chattering tongue.

O glorious Phœbus, dutiful to thee,
Coronis of Larissa, fairest maid
Of all Æmonia, was a grateful charm,
A joy to thee whilst faithful to thy love,—
Whilst none defamed her chastity. But when
The Raven, bird of Phœbus, learned the Nymph
Had been unfaithful, mischief-bent, that bird,
Spreading his white wings, hastened to impart
The sad news to his master. After him
The prattling Crow followed with flapping wings,
Eager to learn what caused the Raven's haste.

Concealing nothing, with his busy tongue,
The Raven gave the scandal to that bird:
And unto him the prattling Crow replied;

"A fruitless errand has befooled thy wits!
Take timely warning of my fateful cries:
Consider what I was and what I am:
Was justice done? 'Twas my fidelity
That caused my downfall. For, it came to pass,
Within a basket, fashioned of small twigs,
Minerva had enclosed that spawn; begot
Without a mother, Ericthonius;
Which to the wardship of three virgins, born
Of double-natured Cecrops, she consigned,
With this injunction, "Look ye not therein,
Nor learn the secret."—

"I beheld their deeds
While hidden in the leaves of a great tree —
Two of the sisters, Herse and Pandrosos,
Observed the charge, but scoffing at their fears,
The third, Aglauros, with her nimble hands
Untied the knotted cords, and there disclosed
That child of serpent limbs. All this I told

Minerva; but in turn, she took away
Her long protection, and degraded me
Beneath the boding Owl.— My punishment
Should warn the birds how many dangers they
Incur from chattering tongues.

"Not my desire
Impelled me to report to her, nor did
I crave protection; which, if thou wilt ask
Minerva, though enraged, she must confirm.
And when is told to thee what lately fame
Established, thou wilt not despise the Crow.—

"Begot by Coronæus, who was lord
Of all the land of Phocis, I was once
A royal virgin, sought by suitors rich
And powerful. But beauty proved the cause
Of my misfortune; for, it came to pass,
As I was slowly walking on the sands
That skirt the marge of ocean, where was oft

My wont to roam, the God of Ocean gazed
Impassioned, and with honied words implored
My love—but finding that I paid no heed,
And all his words despised, he fumed with rage
And followed me.

"I fled from that sea-shore
To fields of shifting sands, that all my steps
Delayed: and in despair upon the Gods
And all mankind I called for aid, but I
Was quite alone and helpless. Presently
The chaste Minerva, me, a virgin, heard
And me assistance gave: for, as my arms
Implored the Heavens, downy feathers grew
From out the flesh; and as I tried to cast
My mantle from my shoulders, wings appeared,
Upon my tender sides; and as I strove
To beat my naked bosom with my hands,
Nor hands remained nor naked breast to beat.

"I ran, and as I sped the sands no more
Delayed me; I was soaring from the ground;
And, as I winged the air, Minerva chose
Me for a life-companion; but, alas,
Although my life was blameless, fate or chance,
Deprived me of Minerva's loving aid;
For soon Nictimen e succeeded me
To her protection and deserved esteem.—
It happened in this way,—Nictimen e
Committed the most wicked crimes, for which
Minerva changed her to the bird of night—
And ever since has claimed her for her own
Instead of me, and this despite the deed
For which she shuns the glorious light of day;
And conscious of her crime conceals her shame
In the dark night—Minerva's Owl now called.
All the glad birds of day, indignant, shun,
And chase her from the skies."

But now replied
The Raven to the Crow, that talked so much,
"A mischief fall upon thy prating head
For this detention of my flight. Thy words
And warnings I despise. "With which retort
He winged upon his journey, swiftly thence,
In haste, despite the warning, to inform
His patron, Phœbus, how he saw the fair
Coronis with a lad of Thessaly.

And when Apollo, Phœbus, heard the tale
The busy Raven made such haste to tell,
He dropped his plectrum and his laurel wreath,
And his bright countenance went white with rage.
He seized his trusted arms, and having bent
His certain bow, pierced with a deadly shaft
That bosom which so often he had pressed
Against his own.

Coronis moaned in pain,—

And as she drew the keen shaft from the wound,
Her snow-white limbs were bathed in purple blood.
And thus she wailed, "Ah, Phœbus! punishment
Is justly mine! but wherefore didst thou not
Await the hour of birth? for by my death
An innocent is slain." This said, her soul
Expired with her life-blood, and death congealed
Her drooping form.

Sadly the love-lorn God
Repents his jealous deed; regrets too late
His ready credence to the Raven's tale.
Mourning his thoughtless deed, blaming himself,
He vents his rage upon the talking bird;
He hates his bow, the string, his own right hand,
The fateful arrow. As a last resource,
Thus to o'ercome her cruel destiny,
He strove to cherish her belov ed form,
For vain were all his medicinal arts.

But when he saw upraised the funeral pyre,
Funereal and sad, where wreathed in flames
Her body should be burnt, sighs deeply fetched
He uttered from the sorrows of his heart,
With tearless orbs, for no celestial face
May tide of woe bedew. So grieves the poor dam,
When swinging from his right the flashing ax,
The butcher with a sounding blow divides
The hollow temples of her sucking calf.

Yet, after Phœbus poured the fragrant myrrh,
Sweet perfumes on her breast, that now once more
Against his own he pressed, and after all
The prematurely hastened rites were done,
He would not suffer the offspring of his loins
To mingle with her ashes, but he plucked
From out the flames, forth from his mother's thighs
His child, unborn, and carried to the cave
Of double-natured Chiron.

Then to him
He called the silly raven, high in hopes
Of large requital due for all his words,
But, angry with his meddling ways, the God
Turned the white feathers of that bird to black;
And then forbade forever more to perch
Among the favored birds whose plumes are white.

Ocyroe and Aesculapius

Chiron, the Centaur, taught his pupil; proud
That he was honored by that God-like charge.
Behold, his lovely daughter, who was born,
Beside the margin of a rapid stream,
Came forward with her yellow hair, as gold
Adown her shoulders.— She was known by name
Ocyroe. The hidden things that Fate
Conceals, she had the power to tell; for not
Content was she to learn her father's arts,
But rather pondered on mysterious things.

So, when the God of Frenzy warmed her breast,
Gazing on Æsculapius, the child
Of Phœbus and Coronis, while her soul
Was gifted, with prophetic voice she said;

"O thou who wilt bestow on all the world
The blessed boon of health, increase in strength!
To thee shall mortals often owe their lives:
To thee is given the power to raise the dead.
But when against the power of Deities
Thou salt presume to dare thy mortal skill,
The bolts of Jove will shatter thy great might,
And health no more be thine from thence to grant.
And from a God thou shalt return to dust,
And once again from dust become a God;
And thou shalt thus renew thy destiny.—

"And thou, dear father Chiron, brought to birth
With pledge of an immortal life, informed
With ever-during strength, when biting flames

Of torment from the baneful serpent's blood
Are coursing in thy veins, thou shalt implore
A welcome death; and thy immortal life
The Gods shall suffer to the power of death.—
And the three Destinies shall cut thy thread."

She would continue these prophetic words
But tears unbidden trickled down her face;
And, as it seemed her sighs would break her heart,
She thus bewailed; "The Fates constrain my speech
And I can say no more; my power has gone.
Alas, my art, although of little force
And doubtful worth, has brought upon my head
The wrath of Heaven.

"Oh, wherefore did I know
To cast the future? Now my human form
Puts on another shape, and the long grass
Affords me needed nourishment. I want

To range the boundless plains, and have become,
In image of my father's kind, a mare:
But gaining this, why lose my human shape?
My father's form is one of twain combined."

And as she wailed the words became confused
And scarcely understood; and soon her speech
Was only as the whinny of a mare.
Down to the meadow's green her arms were stretched;
Her fingers joined together, and smooth hoofs,
Made of five nails a single piece of horn.
Her face and neck were lengthened, and her hair
Swept downward as a tail; the scattered locks
That clung around her neck were made a mane,
Tossed over to the right. Her voice and shape
Were altogether changed, and since that day
The change has given her a different name.

In vain her hero father, Chiron, prayed
The glorious God, Apollo, her to aid.

He could not thwart the will of mighty Jove;
And if the power were his, far from the spot,
From thence afar, his footsteps trod the fields
Of Elis and Messenia, far from thence.

Battus and Mercury

Now while Apollo wandered on those plains,—
His shoulders covered with a shepherd's skin,
His left hand holding his long shepherd staff,
His right hand busied with the seven reeds
Of seven sizes, brooding o'er the death
Of beautiful Coronis, and his love,
While mournful ditties on the reeds were tuned,—
His kine, forgotten, strayed away to graze
Over the plains of Pylos. Mercury
Beheld them, unattended, and from thence
Drove them away, and hid them in the forest.

So deftly did he steal them, no one knew
Or noticed, save an ancient forester,
Well known to all the neighbor-folk, who called
Him Battus. He was keeper of that wood,
And that green pasture, where the blooded mares
Of rich Nel e us grazed.

As Mercury
Distrusted him, he led him to one side;
And said, "Good stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
If any one should haply question thee,
If thou hast seen these kine, deny it all;
And for thy good will, ere the deed is done,
I give as thy reward this handsome cow."

Now when the gift was his, old Battus said,
"Go hence, in safety, if it be thy will;
And should my tongue betray thee, let that stone
Make mention of the theft." And as he spake,
He pointed to a stone.

The son of Jove
Pretended to depart, but quickly changed
His voice and features, and retraced his steps,
And thus again bespake that ancient man;
"Kind sir, if thou wouldst earn a fair reward,
A heifer and a bull, if thou hast seen
Some cattle pass, I pray thee give thy help,
And tell me of the theft." So the reward
Was doubled; and the old man answered him,
"Beyond those hills they be," and so they were
'Beyond those hills.'

And, laughing, Mercury said,
"Thou treacherous man to me dost thou betray
Myself? Dost thou bewray me to myself?"
The God indignant turned his perjured breast
Into a stone which even now is called
"The Spy of Pylos," a disgraceful name,
Derived from days of old, but undeserved.

Comments of the Press and Criticisms of "GODS AND HEROES"

J. BROOKES MORE

☛ Will be sent, charges paid, to any address, by Thrash-Lick Publishing Co., Fort Smith, Ark., on receipt of price, cloth $1.25; full leather $2.50 — or, may be purchased from your bookseller; 200 pages. —

Frank W. Chandler, Professor of
ENGLISH LITERATURE
University of Cincinnati:—

I have read with great pleasure the poems of Mr. J. Brookes More contained in his volume entitled "Gods and Heroes".

The legends of Orpheus and Eurydice, Daphne and Phoebus, Semele and Jupiter, Cadmus and the Dragon, and Narcissus and Actæon are given new life in these verses that are frequently reminiscent of Keats and everywhere smooth and felicitous.

Mr. More displays in the classic myths, and also in the sonnets and other poems of the collection, con-

siderable skill in phrase-making, and a fine sense of the pictorial and the melodious. His best sonnets are touched with the regret of the classicist for the loss of the pagan world of 'gods and heroes.' Once only does the poet echo the pseudo-classic manner of the eighteenth century when, speaking of the song birds he says

"Alas, each day the cruel hunter sights
His scientific tubes to slaughter all,—"

Occasionally he shows a modern note, as in comparing the storm of hate in the contemporary war to winter blasts that precede the Spring, or in that other sonnet of fine resolve

"And every action is a moment gained,
An added motion to the moving reel
That pictures life— as the dark ending nears."

For the most part, however, the classic mood is given romantic expression in these verses, nowhere better seen than in the third sonnet that recalls a passage in Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale"—

"Oh, for the tincture of an opiate-flower,
With triple virtue and a dream profound
In a wide solitude where not a sound
May vex to motion a suspended hour:"

Any lover of beauty will enjoy these poems inspired by a gentle, refined and fastidious Muse.

Frank W. Chandler

From W. R. Lighton, author of
"AN ARKANSAS FARM"
Contributor to the SATURDAY EVENING POST etc.
FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

My dear Mr. More:

"Gods and Heroes" has been for me a book of refreshment. I like it best for a certain quality which eludes definite naming—perhaps the word that comes nearest is, freedom. When a writer isn't quite sure of himself, when his ideas are but half-grown and his medium but half-mastered, he will stick very close to conventional forms in what he writes. The farther he ventures with independent thinking, the less will he regard the straight and narrow ways of expression.

You have left the beaten trails in "Gods and Heroes." I like the limpid, flexible English; I li the fresh, clean-cut imagery; I like the effect as a whole—an effect which suggests craftsmanship so skillful as to be almost effortless. So much of the poetry given us nowadays is so roughly defaced by tool-marks, or, what is worse, by the self-conciousness of the writer.

"Gods and Heroes" makes good reading, whether for the enjoyment of the unfettered sentences or for the deeper enjoyment of ideas well thought out.

It is no doubt a thankless business to praise one part of the book above another; but you must let me say that the sonnets have given me especial enjoyment. Without exception, these are fine in mood and in execution. I congratulate you heartily upon this book.

Faithfully yours,

W. R. Lighton

FROM "THE NATION"

New York, May 4th., 1916

"Gods and Heroes and Myths from Ovid" — —

Comparison with the originals shows that the Ovidian narrative is followed closely, but all the peculiarly Ovidian features, such as artificiality and lascivious implication, are absent. Hence we have charming stories, but not Ovid. The introductory story of Orpheus and Eurydice is an original treatment, though an occasional reminiscence of Ovid can be discerned, but it has a plaintive quality all its own.

By Chiles Harris, Professor of
ENGLISH LITERATURE

In the Myths from Ovid I am struck with the simplicity with which the stories are recounted. Lucidity is one of the rarest of literary virtues, and that author who combines it with faithfulness of detail is indeed fortunate above his fellows. The blank verse is very fluent, the imagery vivid, and the thought somewhat Miltonic at times.

For example:

* * * * * "All
The stars took flight, whilst Lucifer, the last
To quit his vigil, gathered that great host
And disappeared from his celestial watch."

This is excellent. It appears that the author's desire was to reduce everything to a fundamental narrative basis. After a careful reading, I feel that the handling of the stories will hold the interest of all readers, even those who may not have had a classical education. The choice of myths for treatment is chaste, and excellent.

In regard to the sonnet sequence, I find them very effective, full of "faint auroral flushes," and haunting. The first one vaguely reminds one of Swinburn's pagan attitude, or Milton's echo of Apollo's voice "the steps of Delphos leaving." The sequence deserves study. I feel that the philosophy expressed in these sonnets brings forth the gradual transformation of the older and more visionary idea into the acceptance of the Christian attitude.

The lover of pagan literature and the ideals which stood behind their legends, has often wondered,

"In what dim antres of Forgetfulness
Are lingering the Gods of long ago,"

and sometimes he is not quite satisfied that they should perish so.

Chiles Harris

FROM BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT
Fort Smith Times-Record

The author gives a series in poetry of the stories from Greek mythology. The subject matter is well chosen, and the poetry good.

There is always an attraction to us in the old legends of the Gods, and in these poems the chaste simplicity and adherence to strict narrative is evident. Twelve original sonnets regarding life and the hereafter show true poetical inspiration. A Convent Legend is prettily told.

We recommend "Gods and Heroes" to prospective readers as a book of verse, entertaining and of real literary value.

Vera Brady Shipman

FROM

The Alabama Baptist

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

There is always an attraction to us in the old legends of the gods. In fluent blank verse the author regales us with the stories from Greek mythology, myths from Ovid, also sonnets and legends.

Every literary man is well aware of the value of intelligent illustrations derived from classical sources, and this book opens a fountain of beautiful allusions and similes and illustrations suitable for the adornment of sermons, orations or literary works. Such a statement is readily agreed to when it is considered that the following poets obtained most of their classical adornments from the myths as told by Ovid, viz: Milton, Keats, Shelly, Byron, Dante, Tasso.

From G. B. Rose, attorney and author
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

The old legends of the gods and heroes of Greece have a perennial interest. We have ceased to believe them, but they charm us still. Every child should be brought up upon them. An acquaintance with them is an indispensible element in any system of culture; and we can never be too old to turn to them with delight. They can never be told too often. Every telling of them presents them in some new light.

The last to engage in this alluring task is J. Brookes More of Fort Smith. Except the one dealing with the sad story of Orpheus and Eurydice, which is in the verse form of Gray's Elegy, the medium employed is blank verse. This he handles with great skill, and the musical flow of his periods carries the reader delightfully along. The volume also contains a number of Sonnets in the Italian style, and the poet shows a thorough mastery of that most intricate of verse forms.

Manse of First Presbyterian Church

103 North Sixteenth St.

Fort Smith, Ark.

My Dear Mr. More,

You have brought back to me the days of my boyhood, when I was a gray-jacketed cadet in the Bingham School in N. Caralina. Well do I remember

when we read the Metamorphosis of Daphne. I think that something of the pathos touched me then; but I never so much felt it till I read your rendering.—

In reading the Sonnets I feel as I have felt in reading the "Rubayat" or some of Sir Edwin Arnold's expositions of the great doctrines of the Hindoos.

The book is exquisite.

Sincerely yours

M. Mc N. McKay

My dear Mr. More,—

I have read with pleasure, interest and profit your book of poems entitled "Gods and Heroes."

I was especially struck with the beautiful stories of mythology, which you have put into English verse with a faithful adherence to every detail of the original narratives, and in a form far more attractive and interesting than the prose version given in Bulfinch's "Mythology." The book has pleased me immensely.

I have already called it to the favorable attention of many of my friends and I shall continue to do so.

Yours truly,

William A. Falconer

FROM THE FORT SMITH
"City Item"

We have read the contents of "Gods and Heroes" with great interest. In a clear, graceful style it gives the old mythological stories in beautiful verse. The author has verily saturated himself with mythology.

The work is being warmly commended and welcomed as a very valuable addition to American literature. It should be in the home of every scholar in the city.

A group of local men and women, who often contribute to periodicals, have been studying together the Sonnets in this book, and have compared them favorably whit the sonnets of Keats, Rosetti and Wordsworth.

Fort Smith has many gifted men and women in her midst, but few of us knew that she claimed a poet of Mr. More's rank, tho he has always been known as a man of high classical attainment and extensive reading.

His versatility is very marked in comparing the blank verse of his "Narcissus" with that of the beautiful "Convent Legend," or noting the weirdly strange beauty and elegant diction in "Al Araf to Alicon", a fine example of power in style, rhyme and rhythm.

Ada A. Hite

FROM THE

Columbia Spectator

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

New York, N. Y.

The sonnets in this volume are immediate proof of the matured artist and the skilled craftsman. Not one of them falls short of, and many of them outreach the high standard Mr. More has set in his other poems "Gods and Heroes" which deal with some phase, or rehearse some incident, familiar to most of us, of the Grecian Mythology.

"Orpheus and Eurydice" has an eleusive charm that will elicit praise from students all over the country.

Any one who reads "In What Dim Antres" will at once be conscious of the weight, the beauty, the endurance of Mr. More's verses.

B. Raymond, Editor

FROM ROGERS ADVOCATE

E. M. Fowler, Editor

"Gods and Heroes" is the title of a book of mythological poems by J. Brookes More of Fort Smith, recently published. Through the courtesy of a friend we have had the pleasure of placing in our library a copy of this excellent work. The book is not only intensely interesting and instructive, but has a strong tendency to create in the minds of all readers a thirst for a deeper knowledge of mythology, the foundation of much of our finest literature.

Arkansas, in truth, has cause to be proud of a man of the almost boundless research, information and practical ability of the writer of "Gods and Heroes," and especially that a citizen of the state has given to the world this extraordinary gem of literature.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY

I have enjoyed "Gods and Heroes," by J. Brookes More, greatly. The mythological poems contained in this book have been given in prose, seldom in verse, but Mr. More has essayed this task with eminent success. He has brought the old stories freshly to mind in verse which is smooth and pleasing. The poems ought to attract young people, as well as mature and educated readers, not only because they are classic but because we have them now, in this book, as lovely as when Ovid wrote them. I shall call attention to the book frequently.

Mary A. Osgood
Librarian Carnegie City Library
Fort Smith, Arkansas.

I have never read a more musical or scholarly rendering of the Greek Myths, or one which better rendered their beauty and escaped their grossness.

The Sonnets appeal to me, personally, as being of more than usual beauty, and will rank with the friends, among poems, whose company I seek often.

Kate Sandels

FORT SMITH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Fort Smith, Ark.,

Mr. J. Brookes More,

City,

Dear Sir:—

I have read with appreciation your recent volume "Gods and Heroes." * * * * I am able to say with assurance that it is a splendid volume for the purpose for which it was evidently intended, i, e, the presentation of mythological narratives in poetic form. There are none I dare say of more merit.

Yours very truly,

C. J. Tidwell

(Assistant Superintendent Fort Smith Public Schools, and, recently, Professor of English Literature, Fort Smith High School.)

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

DEC 13 1917

DEC 19 1917

DEC 19 1917

DEC 26 1917

Form 418

